

Catholic Digest

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THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Vol. 6

DECEMBER, 1941

No. 2

Irish Neutrality	1
The German Colonization of Europe	5
Parnell After Fifty Years	8
Thunder of the Faith.	13
Free Speech in the Movies	19
Cardinal Mercier	22
"Buy-Sell" in China	26
Apostle of Coney Island	29
A Baby Is Born.	32
"The Rosary"	34
Symbolism in the Church	36
Movie Odors	40
Gestapo Meets the Bishop	41
St. Odile's Prophecy	43
Children Wanted	46
Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres	49
Mexican Socialism	57
God in Government	61
Incident in a Chinese Camp	68
Confusion in the Camp	75
The Freedom to Teach.	81
Hitler's Trap for Germans	83
"According to Reliable Sources...."	87
Behind the Camera	90
Maryhouse, One Flight Up	94
The Magic Tree	98
On Yells	103

CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

And Thou didst in the beginning make firm the earth,
O Lord: and the works of Thy hands are the heavens.
They shall pass away, but Thou abidest forever. And they
shall all grow old like a garment, and like a mantle Thou
wilt roll them up, and they shall be replaced. But Thou
art ever the same, and Thy years shall never run out.

From the Mass in the Daytime of Christmas.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to
draw upon all Catholic magazines and
upon non-Catholic magazines as well,
when they publish catholic articles.
We are sorry the latter cannot be taken
as a general endorsement of every-
thing in the non-Catholic magazines.
It is rather an encouragement to them
to continue using Catholic material.
In this we follow the advice of St. Paul:
For the rest, brethren, all that is true,
all that is seemly, all that is just, all
that is pure, all that is lovable, all
that is winning—whatever is virtuous
or praiseworthy—let such things fill
your thought.



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NO. 2

United though partitioned

Irish Neutrality

By HON. ROBERT BRENNAN, Minister from Eire

Condensed from *America**

It is only 20 years since Ireland, after a struggle which had lasted for centuries, achieved a partial measure of freedom.

That done, her people set their feet on the path of peace. There was to be no more civil strife. The small minorities, right and left, who would have forwarded their aims by the use of force were pushed aside and found political oblivion. Participation in foreign wars was ruled out absolutely. The Irish desired no dominion save over their own island. Never since the 5th century had they sought to impose by force their way of life on other peoples. Empire was not for them. Indeed, so great was their aversion to strife that they even ruled out force to achieve the reintegration into the national territory of their own six counties of the North.

Voicing this passionate desire for

peace, the Irish government, many years before the war started, made it clear that Ireland would take no part in it. Practically, the only difference of opinion in the country on this stand was not on its wisdom or justice, but as to whether it could be maintained. It was, therefore, not surprising when the war broke out that the government's formal declaration of neutrality was at once supported by every party in the Dail and Seanad.

There was not a single dissentient voice. The entire press of the country, including papers regarded as pro-British, agreed that no other policy was possible. Leaders in the trade unions and in the academic, professional, and commercial fields all strongly backed the government. This means that possibly 99% of the people are united in the stand to keep out of this conflict. In Irish political life, there has never

*329 W. 108th St., New York City. Oct. 25, 1941.

been such a unanimity of opinion on any question. Republicans, Nationalists, Unionists, Catholics, Protestants and Jews are all on the one side. In the two years that have elapsed since the war started, the people have become more and more determined to adhere to this policy.

Outside Ireland, this stand has been assailed by people who do not understand or do not want to understand the situation. I have heard Americans dwelling on the foolishness of Ireland's attitude, but it is hardly conceivable that, on a question so vitally affecting the interests of Ireland, all the Irish people should be wrong, and a handful of people 3,000 miles away should be right.

Ireland's attitude has been misrepresented. It has been stated that her policy is dictated by hatred of England because of the persecutions meted out to the Irish people in the past. This is entirely erroneous. It is true that the Irish people have not forgotten the past, but when they recall it now, it is not in a spirit of bitterness or vindictiveness but as a justification of their hard-headed realism at the present time.

They do not like conquerors, benevolent or otherwise—indeed they would smile at the phrase "benevolent conqueror"—and they are not at all inclined to invite any of them to their shores. They say it took them more than seven centuries to get rid of the

stranger within their house, and why should they invite him or anyone else in again. Far from harboring thoughts of bitterness and hatred, the Irishman is overgenerous.

The decision to remain neutral was made years before the war started, and the Irish leaders left no one in doubt on that score. The fact was well known to the British government at the time the ports the British still held were handed back to Ireland in 1938. The *New York Times* on Nov. 10, 1940, dwelt on this fact in the following words:

"It is recalled that former Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain's administration at London handed back the ports to Ireland under the agreement of April, 1938, well aware of what the Irish government's attitude would be in the event of war. Mr. Churchill, who strongly opposed the agreement, told the House of Commons then that Ireland would be neutral in a war, but the Commons ratified the agreement as also did the Irish people in a subsequent general election."

Thus it will be seen that the Irish policy of neutrality should have been no cause for surprise in Great Britain. Indeed, several British newspapers after the war started found it a matter for congratulation that Ireland was for the first time neutral when Britain was engaged in a major conflict.

The Irish government has found

out, if it did not know before, that it is not enough for a nation to declare its neutrality. She must take steps to ensure that the neutrality will be safeguarded. The government has taken all steps necessary to set up and operate machinery to that end.

The government called for volunteers to join the army and civil-defense forces, and no fewer than 260,000 men joined up. A similar force in America on the basis of population would be over 11 million. This shows no half-hearted determination on the part of Irishmen to defend their newfound liberties. The composition of these forces gives an idea of the unique unity which the policy of neutrality has achieved.

In Ireland no one doubts the sincerity of the Irish authorities in their desire to maintain strict neutrality, or in the effectiveness of the measures taken. Indeed, the only criticism in Ireland is that these measures have been too strict. Thus the less than 1% who do not favor neutrality are loud in their protests against a censorship which will not allow them publicly to debate the relative merits of the two groups of belligerents.

Outside of Ireland, constant attacks have been made on Ireland's sincerity in the matter. Uninformed and prejudiced writers in England and America have produced crops of sensational stories from time to time to the effect that Ireland was a hotbed of nazi in-

trigue, that she was overrun by spies, that she was supplying German submarines, and that the German legation had increased its staff a hundred-fold.

These stories have been proved time and again to be false. The Dublin correspondent of *The Times* of London described as "wild" the reports about the enormous size of the German legation staff and the activities of the imaginary fifth columnists. The Dublin correspondent of the *New York Times* found that the German legation consisted of a minister, a secretary, a press attaché, two clerks and a maid, while the British diplomatic representation had a staff of 25. The *Irish Times*, which has never been accused of being anti-British, characterized the German submarine stories as "so much moonshine."

Notwithstanding all this, the submarine myth comes up in a new form today. The Rochester, N. Y., *Times-Union* printed on Sept. 17, a story, syndicated by NEA and written by an American correspondent visiting Ireland, to the effect that secret radio messages are sent daily to Berlin by nazi agents who are put ashore during the night from German submarines and housed by pro-nazi friends during the day. This American correspondent, after a few days in Ireland, was able not only to divulge these happenings but he also found out where the radio messages were

dispatched from: "the low hills around Dublin." A moment's thought might have told this gentleman that such activity could only be by the connivance of the very excellent Irish police force and of the Irish government, and that it could not continue without the knowledge of the British who, apart from their official diplomatic mission, naturally have their undercover agents in Ireland.

The question of the Irish ports has arisen from time to time in the American press. I should like to point out that, for more than a year after the war started, there was not a word about these ports, and then, following a speech by Mr. Churchill in which he deplored their loss, a campaign in sections of the British and American press was begun, calculated to force the Irish government to make these ports available to Britain. The outcry was based not at all on Irish interests but on those of Britain, or if Irish interests were considered, they were far secondary.

In a democratic country—and the Irish constitution is perhaps the most democratic in the world—it is the duty of the government to carry out the wishes of its people. Today no government departing from the policy of neutrality would last overnight in Ireland. If that neutrality were shattered from within, it would lead to internal strife and disunion; if it is challenged from without, the chal-

lenge will be met by a united people fighting side by side.

The value of these ports is grossly exaggerated. They are not bases in the proper sense of the word. At best they are anchorages, and to fortify them would take time during which the other party to the dispute would not be idle. The occupation of the French coast by the Germans makes the southern route for ships impossible, and all sea traffic now goes by the northerly route past the Northern Ireland and Scottish coasts. The British have in these waters all the land bases they need.

I may say that the Irish are clearly skeptical about the ideals this war is being fought for. They have the bitter experience of the last war when the *promise* was self-determination for small nations, while the *performance*, after the war had been won, was three years of a brutal attempt to subjugate the Irish, ending with the partition of Ireland. The Irish say, too, that it is not necessary to defeat any European power in order to right the wrong done by partition, and they ask why that wrong is not righted.

If Ireland is drawn into this war, it will be because she is attacked from outside; and if that attack comes from any quarter whatsoever, the Irish will resist it to a man. They may go down in the fight and meet disaster, but that will not be the end. Ireland has a way of surviving disasters.

The German Colonization of Europe

Field day for lunatics

By K. C. THALER

Condensed from the *Tablet**

In the Balkans, there is under way a mass migration consequent upon the installment of the new order in southeastern Europe. Some 150,000 Croats are reported to have re-emigrated to Croatia from Serbia and Macedonia. Hundreds of thousands of Serbs, deprived of their land and property, are pouring into what is left of a Serbia which is unable to provide even the most primitive living conditions. Greeks have to leave Bulgarian-annexed Greek territory, which is being taken over by quickly sent out Bulgarian settlers. Rumanians from Hungarian-annexed Transylvania are moving to Rumania. Hundreds of thousands of peoples are thus being callously reshuffled, irrespective of their social position, their attachment to the land where they were born, in the scheme which endeavors to solve political problems and minority questions by the sole means of the shifting of populations from one district to another, from one country to another.

Expulsion of peoples, culminating in complete denationalization of entire provinces, shifting of populations, and other forms of compulsory migration are, indeed, part of a well thought out political system which aims at providing living space for the conqueror

by simply exterminating "inferior" races whenever and wherever they happen to be in his way. It is perhaps one of the most dangerous weapons that Hitlerism has so far used. Himmler, chief of the notorious Gestapo, and in charge of this particular task of the "regulation of population problems," has quite frankly declared that the purpose of a victorious war was not to gain populations of alien race, but to acquire land.

The conquest of Poland has provided naziism with the first opportunity to set into motion the plans for a transfer of foreign nationals on a large scale. Since the removal of populations from the German-annexed Polish territories first started in October, 1939, some 1½ million Poles have thus been expelled from their original homes and transported into the Government-General, where there is hardly any possibility for them to earn their living. "Where we have to settle a question," writes the *Ostdeutscher Beobachter*, "where the future of generations is involved, and where *Lebensraum* (living space) and bread for the whole nation has to be ensured, there can be no regard, no tenderness. We do not admit the right of Poles to life in any desired form."

*1 Littlecote Drive, Reading, England. Sept. 6, 1941.

The same policy, though on a lesser scale, was applied after the collapse of France, when thousands of families from Alsace and Lorraine were deported into unoccupied France.

The system of compulsory migration has meanwhile been extended to workers in most of the occupied territories. Skilled and unskilled laborers are being drafted into the Reich on an ever-increasing scale. A million Poles have been virtually conscripted for labor in Germany, and regular man hunts in the streets of the cities provide further contingents of forced labor. In the western occupied countries the methods applied are somewhat less evidently cruel, although equally effective. There are now some 3 million foreign nationals working in the Reich more or less against their free will, including Poles, Czechs, Dutch, Danes, Norwegians, Croats, Serbs, Belgians and Italians, apart from 1½ to 2 million prisoners of war. And there are signs that they are but forerunners of an increasingly larger flow.

Gradually the Germans themselves have begun to experience the hideousness of this policy. The forced emigration of Germans from southern Tirol to the Reich, negotiated between Hitler and Mussolini at a time when Hitler endeavored to obtain Italy's collaboration, had puzzled the German people. But this was only child's play compared with the recent compulsory mass migration of Germans from Rus-

sia. The Soviet, with the full consent of the nazis, availed themselves of the opportunity to send back to the Reich the tens of thousands of Germans who had been living in Poland and the Baltic States for centuries. From the Volga district, from Galicia, Lithuania, Estonia, Latvia, from Bessarabia and Bukovina, men, women and children, forced from their homes, have been pouring into Germany, to be settled in German-annexed Poland.

During last winter and spring the German authorities thus transferred 55,000 Baltic Germans to the area along the River Warta, the Reichsgau Wartheland. This swift rate of transfer was apparently imposed by the Russians, who were anxious to see the Baltic States clear of influential and dangerous German elements. During the summer months some 120,000 Germans were transferred from Volhynia, Galicia and the Narew district. This transfer entailed different natural and social economic conditions. As it has now become clear to the nazi leaders that the number of Germans from Russia would not suffice to fill the German-annexed Polish territories, they are apparently about to fill the land with some of their own people from within the Reich. First some 30,000 German colonists were transferred to western Poland from the German-occupied Lublin district in the Government-General, which transfer, as has been pointed out by the *Kölnische*

Zeitung, "will not be the last stage of the great reconstruction of the German East." Not only German peasants, but even business men and workers are to be settled in these areas in the hope that "a truly German country will arise." Peasants from western Germany have already been compulsorily transported to the East. Members of the "master race" themselves thus experience the first stages of the great colonization which will begin, according to official announcements, only after the war.

There are still some 1½ to 2 million Germans in southeastern Europe, spread among the Croats, Serbs, Hungarians, and Rumanians. Recently the probability has been hinted of the formation of a new Danubian state comprising Serbian, Hungarian and Rumanian districts. This foreshadows further reshuffles, the further removal of hundreds of thousands of peoples from their land and their homes, to satisfy the absurd theories of a group of fanatics who regard peoples as no more than pieces on a chessboard.



Department Department

Isn't it sad to see a newcomer in the parish bowled over by churchgoers making off to their cars?

The orthodox Catholic dashes up to the church in his shiftless caboose, throws on the brakes, leaps out with his family amid door slamming, for Mass is already on its way. But like all good tacticians, he is already planning his retreat, and shortly after the *Ite Missa Est* he escapes from the edifice and has the engine working smoothly by the time the rest of the family gets to the car. Then, on two wheels, he turns the corner amid the sputtering of other unhorsed engines about to race him homeward. He careens madly down the boulevard as if Dunkirk from some high evil. Mass is over; he has led the pack and the day is his.

The parish newcomer, hoping for a handshake in the multitude, looks pleadingly into the faces of the parishioners for a spark of welcome. Unless he gets out of church fast, he will have found the congregation melted into masses of disappearing cars. The auto is a great invention but its carburetor has monopolized all mixing. Nowadays if you meet people in front of the church, it's usually head on.

Joseph J. Quinn in the *Southwest Courier* (25 Oct. '41).

Parnell After Fifty Years

By DAVID MARSHALL

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

He loved justice, etc.

Fifty years have gone by since the death of Parnell. The majority of men believe that he was driven to his grave by the most appalling series of political and moral disasters. But politically Parnell was not a failure at all. A moral failure, becoming a public scandal, ended his political career, as such things inevitably do. But Parnell had already struck the blow that was to wither, and in due course destroy, what he had spent his whole life fighting. We are only now beginning to understand how he had completed his work.

Charles Stewart Parnell may or may not have been a providential instrument. I rather think he was. But at least he was a most unusual phenomenon of Irish history; and not so many years ago *The Times* of London declared him one of the three signal figures of the whole 19th century. In a dark hour he burst upon the field of Irish politics, and his rise to power was astonishingly swift. When the Fenian uprising of 1867 had gone down to defeat, and all the leaders were in exile or in jail, he startled the Catholic Gaels with a gospel that was timely if not new. Armed rebellion had failed, but there was yet a means by which blow after blow could be

rained upon England without exceeding the strict letter of English law. With magnificent audacity, he proposed that a political party be sent over to Westminster with orders to compel a settlement with England under threat of paralyzing England's new democratic Parliament. His doctrine, he said, was "not reconciliation, but retaliation." It was in 1875 that he entered the House of Commons as a follower of Isaac Butt, the Protestant founder of a predominantly Protestant "Home Rule League." Four years later he had driven Butt from the leadership. In another year he was himself the commander of a disciplined battalion of Irish members. In six years more he was the master of Parliament. And in still another five years he was dead.

Twenty-nine when he entered Parliament, he was only 45 years old when he died. In those 16 years he made the Ireland of today both possible and inevitable. He tore out the English parties and rooted Irish politics in the national life of Ireland. He reversed the tide of gold that for centuries had flowed out of Ireland into England; he smashed the old political ties by making Ireland a drain on England. He wrested the land from

the heirs of the English conquerors, and made a landowning peasantry out of a horde of landless Irish laborers. In short, he launched the Irish Revolution, and gave it such impetus that nothing could stop it.

Though his movement was a popular one, Parnell was not a man of the people, but was, till he gave his last dollar to "the cause," an Irish landlord whose properties gave him \$20,000 a year in 1870. His mother was an Irish-American, the daughter of Commodore Charles Stewart, who commanded the *Constitution* in the War of 1812. The Parnells, on the other hand, were an Anglo-Irish family who for generations had upheld the Irish cause.

When Parnell was 23, Disraeli's reform law came like a gift from heaven, restoring popular suffrage to Ireland. This was followed swiftly by Gladstone's ballot act, which made the vote secret. Gladstone thought little of the ballot act, but it was the first Parliament elected under this law that made the acquaintance of a certain silent man with a pale face and brilliant eyes, an Anglo-Irish aristocrat named Parnell.

Almost at once there was a fluttering in London: "Parnell is as handsome as the hero of a novel by George Meredith!" Gladstone recalled that the young gentleman's grandfather and great-grandfather had both likewise been in Parliament. And Isaac Butt

exclaimed to one of his followers: "We've got a splendid recruit; an historic name, my friend! Young Parnell of Wicklow! And unless I'm mistaken, the Saxon will find him an ugly customer!" But Dick Powers pronounced him a "bloody fool," and the majority of Home Rule members cordially agreed with "Peerless Dick." The point was that Parnell, who definitely stuttered, was not an orator in the grand old Irish way; he was ignorant of the ways of Parliament, and he paraded his simplicity by going about asking silly questions. However, Parnell was armed with a weapon more effective than eloquence and far less perilous to Ireland; and in swift, galling defeat it may have occurred to Powers and his friends that the simplicity that asks questions is often the simplicity of genius.

Parnell was asking questions, and perfecting that precise form of attack against which Parliament had no defense. And his terms, not stated, not even admitted, but always obvious, were these: 1. Parliament would settle the "Irish question" to the general satisfaction of the Irish; or 2. Parliament would not be allowed to legislate at all. Mr. Parnell would see to that by seizing on every bill the minute it was introduced, and by launching a campaign to improve it clause by clause. His method wasted time, tormented the irritable, and drove the others frantic — bored them to

the verge of angry, stuttering idiocy.

This was the secret of his power, and it was always for a proper and useful purpose that Parnell delayed the business of the house hour after hour, day after day, and week after week. One by one, out of scores upon scores, his amendments were adopted, and certain elements in England began to notice that they were all on the side of mercy. The cat-o'-nine tails was outlawed as a form of punishment in the British army; likewise the shooting of sentries who fell asleep at their posts in peacetime. There were other amendments, less spectacular but always of some special value to the English poor. It was the nonconformist clergy who took note of these things—the working-class Methodists, Congregationalists and Baptists, who formed the backbone of England's nonconformist conscience. With historic consequences, Mr. Parnell was reaching over the heads of his enemies and catching up a powerful following in their own constituencies. He outdid them in service to England as he outbowed them in frigid courtesy; and though he was watched as no man had ever been watched before, he was never trapped in crude, punishable obstructionism. And so the hour came when, hating him, the House had no choice but to obey him.

Meanwhile he had carried the war to another front, harnessing the fight for political freedom to the centuries-

old agrarian struggle. From first to last, this was a daring maneuver, for it cost him the support of the Anglo-Irish gentry, whom he sorely needed to keep the highly excitable mass of his followers under a tight rein; and by aligning the Catholic tenantry against the Protestant landlords, it brought the religious bogey into politics again. It was a maneuver that others had attempted only to bring disaster upon themselves. But the angry, tenacious Parnell carried it through, and his astounding victory in this field is the central fact of his career. He became the president of the Irish Land League, which Michael Davitt organized. He got the priests and the excommunicated Fenians both working for him. He told the Irish people, "You must show the landlords that you intend to hold a firm grip on your homesteads and your lands," and instantly the battle cry, "Keep a firm grip on your land," swept over the nation.

In a supreme crisis, after a third successive crop failure, he confirmed his victory and changed the course of Irish history when he halted a stampede of tenant farmers out of the homes they could not pay rent for. And at the very hour he was doing this, he rooted out and destroyed the old assassination clubs, that went by the name of ribbon lodges. He invented and gave the ribbonmen a new weapon called the boycott. It was part

of Parnell's "destiny" that the British trade-union act had appeared on the statute book just one year before this, enabling him to plead that the Land League was a tenant farmers' trade union, and not an illegal conspiracy. The league was outlawed anyhow, but not before Parnell had finished with it, and not before Mr. Gladstone's land act had been hammered and beaten into a new shape—the shape, indeed, of a weapon in the Irish people's hands.

It is simply of record that all this time Katherine O'Shea, daughter of an English baronet, sister of the great Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., and wife of William O'Shea, was standing over Parnell; watching him; nursing him when he was sick; helping him frame his public addresses; hearing from him every day when he was away from her; writing him nearly every day; interviewing Gladstone on his behalf; and bearing him children. Their alliance existed before Parnell ever became the leader of the Home Rule party. Perhaps it was part of his destiny again that the Irish would not believe it. Time after time somebody "set the heather afire"—a gracious Irish way of saying that somebody denounced him as a sinner. But the heather was always a bit too wet, and Parnell was spared to get the Irish peasantry back into their homes, and to force through the land act and the series of amending laws

which, in the aggregate, have wrought the transformation of Ireland.

Rarely has there been such hero worship. Rarely has any man so completely swayed a nation as Parnell swayed Ireland all through the 80's. Solemn history becomes a fairy tale as this man marches steadily on to his fate: an aristocrat adored by a peasantry; a Protestant whom a Catholic nation had made her uncrowned king; an Irish landlord battling for the poor and landless, and bringing the judgment on his own all-powerful class.

At the dawning of the 90's, he had the upper hand of England. The courts had made a hero of him by revealing him as the intended victim of a prosecution founded on forgery. *The Times* of London had paid him damages for libel. He had imposed his own terms on Gladstone. Indeed, "Mr. Gladstone had become a follower of Parnell," brushing aside the normal issues of English politics to win or lose on Irish Home Rule.

Possibly again it was Parnell's destiny when William O'Shea, after ten years of a complacency that was not unmixed with blackmail, filed an action for divorce which Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea chose not to defend. History recalls no parallel to the fall of Parnell; so one was found among the poets. Proud as Satan, said John Morley, he was like Satan "hurled with hideous ruin down." The English

were powerfully stirred. "I never believed in Parnell until he stood in the last ditch," Lord Acton wrote, "and showed the strong man he is." It was noticed that nobody cheered in the English camp. But the forthright Scotsman, Cunningham-Graham, turned with scorn upon the men of Ireland who, in obedience to Gladstone, now overthrew their chief, "who sold their lord and quite omitted to make sure the 30 pieces should be paid." It is one of the countless ironies of Irish history that the Irish themselves destroyed Parnell.

But they gave him a grand funeral just the same: 40 brass bands were in the cortege and 300,000 people marched behind his coffin. They buried him in their own Catholic cemetery. And after that he was immortalized in one of those curious tales that occasionally spring up in a rich and vivid folk-imagination. He was not dead, the Irish countryman averred, but had found refuge from faithless followers among the good wee folk under the

hollow hills of Wicklow, whence he would return in the hour of peril to be again the uncrowned king of Ireland. Ten years later, during the Boer War, the story went round Europe and appeared even in the New York *Herald*, that General De Wet was really Charles Stewart Parnell, exiled for a woman's love and living under a change of name, but still hammering at Ireland's enemy.

Years after his death his divided party was brought together again, but the day of its strength was over. All that was needed was time, till the people had had a rest from politics, and till the economic problem had in reasonable measure solved itself. To an astonishing degree the ultimate success of the Irish Revolution was of Parnell's doing; and true was the insight of Asquith (who had no love for Parnell) that "judging by results clearly traceable to one man's initiative, by the dead-heave given, he was one of the three or four men of the century."



A recent Chinatown convert, just out of the hospital and with few friends in New York, was puzzled by the draft-board registrar's question, "Who would always know where you are?"

Perhaps it was the long series of catechism questions completed just before his Baptism that made him pause for a moment. "Well," asked the clerk, "isn't there someone who always knows where you are?"

"Oh, yes," answered Joseph. "God!"

The Field Afar.

Thunder of the Faith

"Belloc farms a bit"

By JOSEPH T. NOLAN

Condensed from the *Stylus**

It should not be difficult to write of Hilaire Belloc, except for the necessity of choosing wisely and stopping eventually in his self-made library. He is known in every field, since his knowledge touches them all. Take up history, French, English, European; biographies, too many to mention; military studies, polemics, economics, politics, and defense of things Catholic—the strong syllables of his name have been a by-line to them all. Invoke the lighter Muses; seek out poetry, essays, travel, fiction, satire, humor—yes, and even nonsense rhymes—Belloc is bountiful still.

It is small wonder, then, that the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, that work of scholarly reticence, describes his career as "varied, not to say tempestuous." It began innocently enough with a volume of *Verses and Sonnets* published in 1896. Three years ago he published another compilation with the same terse title. The 42 eventful years between are the record of a poet indeed, a poet with a Catholic pen.

Belloc was born in St. Cloud, France, in 1870. A year later the country of his birth was overrun by Bismarck's brand of Prussian militarism. His father, a French barrister, his mother, a leader of the English suffragette

movement, it would appear that Belloc came naturally by his healthy sense of controversy. I have called him part Irish in deference to a well-spoken tradition, one which springs from his intense Catholicity. He entered Balliol College, Oxford, in 1898, and became a naturalized English citizen in 1902.

No explanation is available as to why he adopted a country whose politics he discarded, whose religion he proved spurious, and of whose economics he forecast a ruinous ending. Be that as it may, he became so much of an Englishman that he won a seat in Parliament for four years of his choosing. Electing Hilaire Belloc was like opening the back door to a hurricane; the House was badly shaken by the disclosures he made in company with Cecil and Gilbert Chesterton. He was well prepared for a war; in peacetime he fought his own battles with the enemies of the Church.

The dust of combat is still settling and we are beginning only now to taste the grimy fruits of Catholic victory. It is as if Hilaire Belloc had stood on some high vantage point of scholarship, surveyed all the histories of the past four centuries, and found them wanting. Their deficiency was

*Boston College, Boston, Mass. October, 1941.

of the moral order: they failed in truth. A defense mechanism called the Protestant tradition had choked the stream of European history. It began quite inevitably. The leaders of the Protestant Revolution, after the first century of the surge of heresy, were forced to record their beginnings. The seriousness of their action in destroying the unity of faith that was Europe could become acceptable only in preference to a greater evil—to their minds, the Catholic Church. And so they began their sale of historical truth. An expatriate is the harshest critic of his former home. By Newman's time the non-Catholic tradition of history had woven a tight web of prejudice through which the indoctrinated masses could never see reality.

Belloc was no crusader armed with pen and spirit. He began as a poet, published French history, continued as an economist, and in 1920 wrote *Europe and the Faith*, the first of his defenses. He appreciated the importance of the Church as only a medievalist could, and as very few men today have done; he realized that its doctrines were intended to affect the whole structure of living, even as air breathed. In *Europe and the Faith* he traces the Catholic history of Europe in a bold sweep through the Christian era. The new religion is adopted by the Roman empire, it continues its realm as a spiritual force, and perpet-

uates the Graeco-Roman civilization for the world. It passes through the age of combat and emerges to a shining peace. The 13th century saw its magnificence, the 14th its decline, and the 15th the destruction of its unity and universal moral force.

The book proved to be a prospectus. Its development and the biographies of its motivating characters kept Belloc writing vigorously for the next dozen years. His identification of European civilization with the Church and the Graeco-Roman empire brought scholarly protests about the Nordic influence, barbarian customs, and Mohammedan culture. But the thesis stands, supported by our speech, our laws, our governments, and our habits of life. His chapters on the Reformation, which he calls the most staggering event of history since the foundation of the Church itself, expose with cruel clarity the iniquity of its origins. It is a sordid record of abuses and decay, of autocratic kings seeking new power and the loot of plundered monasteries.

The most recurrent thesis of the author is that without England's successful example the Reformation would never have succeeded. Luther's success in the northern Germanies was ephemeral and to be expected; this land beyond the Rhine boundary, as well as the Scandinavian countries, had never been fully Christianized or civilized. It lay at the outposts of the

empire; its defection was understandable as that of an ill-taught neophyte. But England was 1,000 years holy in the Christian family; to turn prodigal and break with Rome was an overwhelming act. It lent strength to Calvin's work on the Continent and it offered an inviting precedent to greedy princelings everywhere.

It is not quite an empty boast to call Hilaire Belloc the Catholic Aristotle. In literary output alone, a small comparison, he virtually equals the prodigious 1,000 books of the Greek philosopher. A book, remember, in Aristotle's idiom is a chapter in ours. Belloc once claimed humorous ignorance of the total number of his volumes; actually they number at least 102. This, in 50 years of writing, is slightly better than two good books a year! Chesterton left 72 behind. Belloc's present rate of production seems settled at one a year, his last three including the *Sonnets and Verse*, *Charles II*, and *Louis XIV*.

It is wild, of course, to attempt to range any mind of the past 2,500 years alongside the profoundest analytical brain in history. But Belloc's swath has been so tremendous and his excellence of thought so towering in every phase of composition that he reminds us of Aristotle, who covered practically all the world's great knowledge. Belloc is superior on at least one point: he has the clarity which comes from a style.

At Oxford he received his formal education. One gains the impression, though little is written in proof, that the forceful, Gallic Hilaire was a boisterous innovation for Balliol. He did not proceed in his training beyond that college, for the university refused him a fellowship to All Souls—a cause for Oxonian chagrin. No greater misjudgment was made until Churchill was flunked out of Sandhurst. Belloc's dismissal by the dignified dons was perhaps occasioned by the title of his thesis, which is supposed to have been *The Amount of Beer Consumed in the Cotswolds in a Year*. It must have brought a guileless smile of triumph for the author to return some 20 years later and deliver a fascinating lecture on Rabelais to the largest available audience in the largest hall of his self-reproving Alma Mater.

His further education was acquired in the process of writing his books. Much of his fund of knowledge came from travel, which he called "the food for the mind of writers and thinkers." He traveled the waterways and footpaths of England, Europe, and America, by sailboat and by foot. *The Cruise of the Nona* reflects his sailing philosophies; *The Path to Rome* is a winsomely beautiful travel story of the journey, on foot, from Tours to Rome.

Since he never includes a bibliography with his works, we do not

know what writings have contributed to the giant's share of knowledge. It is safe to say that practically everything pertinent has been drained into the reservoir, for he reads even more rapidly than he writes, and discards the chaff like a threshing machine.

The intimate friendship of Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton, Damon and Pythias in their intellectual partnership, was a happy union of the two greatest living Catholic laymen. Their recognition as such was given in 1935, shortly before Chesterton's death, when Pius XI conferred on them both the Order of St. Gregory. It was a gratifying tribute to the *defensores fidei*. Together they countered the supercilious wits of their day. One such, the playwright and partisan, G. B. Shaw, called the two of them taken together "a new kind of animal," loud and aggressive of voice, which he named "the Chesterbello." But for Chesterton's *Orthodoxy*, one of the sheerest examples of logic in prose, he could find no airy caption.

Not the least of their adversaries in articles, books, and debates was another English author, H. G. Wells. Mr. Wells was accustomed to question the most beautifully intimate mysteries of our faith with an elephantine finesse. His challenges on everything from the Real Presence to the beginning of things were promptly met by the "Combination," who

were well used to wearing the splendid colors of the Church. Mr. Wells' *Outline of History* might seem to need little discrediting now, after so many scholars in religion, science, and history have rejected its glib survey. But 15 years ago it was Hilaire Belloc who published a book in review of the *Outline*, and left it leaning weakly on its rationalist props. Nothing abashed, Mr. Wells replied with a volume, *Mr. Belloc Objects*, and again spears shivered as Hilaire issued forth with *Mr. Belloc Still Objects*.

The final upshot of the Chesterbello venture into political daring, the *New Statesman's* exposé, was to send Cecil Chesterton unjustly to prison for libel, leave G. K. magnificently unperturbed, and occasion two of Belloc's greatest works, *The Servile State* and *The Distribution of Property*. The pedant may decry his eminence as a historian; the reviewer may await time's telling of his poetry; but the economist cannot deny him a peerage for these profound theses on the evils of state capitalism. The control by a monied few of the vast means of production has left the masses dependent, and deprived of economic freedom. By this deficiency they lack freedom of the will; by this they are not fully men. An alternate choice remains: either total state control, which is communism, or the return of property to individual owners, a process for which Belloc coins the

term "distributism." Suddenly the lightning continuity of his thesis breaks upon the reader; the world by rejecting the universal Church had cast off its moral restraint, had returned to usury and monopoly, had leveled man once more to the plane of the animal. The realization unfolds; you recognize that England and America are the forces of high capitalism, that the present war is an indication of the peril it is producing. Communism is state slavery and, like the solutions of birth control and easy divorce for the problems of marriage, is an immoral, impractical expedient. Distributism is the answer, but the rise of the free small land-owner must begin in a different atmosphere from the corporation capitalism of today. And Belloc shakes a sage head moodily at the prospects of making a beginning.

More typical of his humor than his humility (and both qualities are richly his own) is the refrain from an old ballad that Belloc loves to shout at the jovial sessions of his friends:

And the gates of heaven are
opening wide
To let poor Hilary in!

He has visited America several times and Boston once. He hiked far into the west of the country 20 years ago, traveling by foot, sleeping with cowhands, and recovering poker losses by selling his sketches of the land-

scape. In 1896 he married Elodie Agnes Hogan of Napa, California, now dead 27 years. His American thoughts are summed up in *The Contrast*. Unlike Matthew Arnold and other touring Englishmen, he is generous with America, even if he was welcomed in Boston with a football cheer from the Irish Athenians who attended his lecture on European culture.

The summary of Belloc's Catholic message may be found in his most vital volume, *The Crisis of Civilization*. Here again he traces the Catholic continuity of history with a style that rises to song. His theses on history, economics, the Church, and the Reformation are all written into one flowing, forceful *Summa*. He draws up the issue today: it is a choice between state ownership and state worship, which is slavery, or a regeneration of the forces of life as known 500 years ago. All progress is not paced by time. The election is ours, he writes, for this is the wreck of our world, "in which we have the misfortune or combative glory to live." It is the most significant phrase about our time.

Some in England hold that his courage in attacking the political set-up and his clarity in condemning capitalism have started a wide counter-movement to a system of things that cannot endure. Some claim that he has headed another reaction, this time

the intellectual reverse of the Reformation, writing his way toward the ultimate triumph of the Church that is always secure in the span of centuries from the rebellion of shortlived men. Some call him "the greatest master of English prose and poetry in our time." One thing is sure: he has sent the message of our faith thundering across this part of life, and who shall say what men may hear and heed its echoes?

All such disputants of Belloc's greatness would smile at the story of G. K. Chesterton, who was boozing on his way across the Sussex countryside where Belloc has his home. Spy-

ing a native son at work in his fields, he bore down upon him and opened conversation: Hilaire Belloc was the name, lived in this neighborhood; surely he had heard of the gentleman?

"Hm-m-m. Couldn't say. Seems familiar."

Had he read any of his books, by chance?

Na, he hadn't.

Had he heard him speak, attended a lecture?

Na, he hadn't. And then, "Hilary Belloc, ye say! Farms a bit, doesn't he?"

Sic transit gloria mundi.



Guide

Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen was to make an address one evening at the Town Hall in Philadelphia. He left his hotel early and decided to walk to the auditorium. He was a stranger in the city and soon lost his way. Finally he approached a group of boys who were playing in the street.

"Can you please tell me the way to the Town Hall?" he asked. "I'm a stranger here and I've lost my way."

One lad stepped forward and gave him instructions. Then the boy said, "What are you going to do there?"

"I'm going to give a lecture."

"About what?"

"On how to get to heaven. Would you care to come along?"

"Huh," answered the boy, "you don't even know how to get to the Town Hall."

E. E. Edgar.

Free Speech in the Movies

Silence gives consent

By JOHN A. TOOMEY

Condensed from *America**

Can John Q. Public make heads or tails of the persistent claim that Hollywood is biased? He can—by looking at the marqueses of the movie theaters. The evidence is there for all to see. It consists not only of the titles which are shown, but also of those which have never been shown. The titles which have appeared on the marqueses are so well known they need not be listed. Those which never have appeared on the marqueses of American movie theaters might be catalogued as follows: *Confessions of a Communist Spy*, *I Married a Bolshevik*, *Escape from Siberia*, *Red Agent*, *Mad Men of Moscow*, *I Was a Spanish Red*, *Stalin Man Hunt*, *Prisoner in Solovetsky Island*, *Mortal Storm in the Ukraine*, *Night Train from Moscow*, *The Great Dictator* *Stalin*, featuring Charlie Chaplin, *Underground in Leningrad*, *Exposed by Dies Committee*.

The rich mine of potential dramatic material suggested by these titles appears practically unlimited in extent. Imagine the box-office possibilities of a film which had Charlie Chaplin making fun of Stalin. One wonders why Charlie has never done anything like that. A gripping, emotion-shaking story could be fashioned,

having Norma Shearer engineer an escape from a Russian concentration camp; and another thriller could be contrived showing Walter Pidgeon dropping from a parachute on the Kremlin and getting a bead on Stalin with his gun. There are no films like that.

A situation like this naturally gives rise to puzzling questions. Why do the movies feature the barbarism of only one country and remain mute about the savagery of other lands? And how is it that the movies are so unanimous about it? There are not, in Hollywood, two or three companies focusing attention on Russian atrocities and several others concentrating on German excesses. All the Hollywood companies are concentrating on German atrocities. All the Hollywood companies are silent as the tomb about Russian enormities. Does this strange unanimity indicate some sort of monopolistic control?

If the silver screen had remained scrupulously within the entertainment field, there would probably not be much curiosity about whether control of the industry was confined to a few individuals or spread out among thousands. But when the movie chieftains elected to mix propaganda with en-

ertainment and charge for it, they fed strengthening vitamins to the curiosity over their setup. The senatorial investigation is just one symptom of that curiosity.

Propaganda is being slipped to the American people under the camouflage of entertainment. This form of propaganda is much more dangerous than the frankly undisguised type. The agency (the movies) disseminating this propaganda is completely dominated by a few private citizens. This fact renders null and void the argument of the Hollywood chiefs that freedom of speech is being menaced by the senatorial inquiry. On the contrary, the senatorial probe is rather on the side of free speech, because if a corporal's guard of private citizens controls a national instrument of expression and denies voice to any but themselves, then untold millions are deprived of the right of free speech. The screen reaches an audience of about 80 million people each week of the year. When an issue arises involving the very life of the nation, monopolistic control of the screen signifies that a few men have access to that vast audience with their views, and power to deny such access to contrary opinion.

One witness at the Senate hearing, John T. Flynn, referring to the film *That Hamilton Woman*, stated that history had been reversed at one point to give Lord Nelson an opportunity

to make a speech that "might be just the kind of prointerventionist speech Secretary Knox or Secretary Stimson might make." And Jimmie Fidler, another witness, stated that in the picture *Escape* "a German officer remarked to an enemy: 'I'll see you in America when we invade that country.' That wasn't in the book; it was MGM's 'added scene,' propaganda to which many object."

The defense furnished by the movie witnesses was not very convincing. It consisted of a general denial that there were any propaganda pictures, it maintained that the films so-called were factual, and that there was no monopoly in Hollywood. The Senate investigation constituted an invasion of the right of free speech, the movie champions asserted.

One cannot but suspect that the main defense of the movies came in the form of a nationwide "smear campaign" that was launched against the senatorial committee, a campaign reminiscent of similar sniping at the Dies committee, when that group first began inconveniencing the communist setup in America. The chairman of the subcommittee, Sen. D. Worth Clark, declared his committee's probing of the movies had borne "an avalanche of vituperation and abuse," designed to smear it and "frighten it into inactivity." After remarking that the hearings had proved that the screen is "controlled by a monopolis-

tic group of eight producers," whose control is used to speed war propaganda, he announced a suspension of the committee's inquiry.

The "smear campaign" gives rise unavoidably to the suspicion that there exist in the nation powerful forces which shrink from having the movie situation probed too deeply. The furious cries of protest are difficult to explain on any other hypothesis. If no monopoly obtains in Hollywood, if no effort is being made to awaken war hysteria in the nation, what conceivable objection could there be to public airing of these questions? Such an inquiry would afford Hollywood an unexampled opportunity to clear itself of the charges. The movie industry is no private affair. It is a public institution with enormous influence on the life of the nation. If charges were made that a handful of private individuals controlled all the newspapers of the country, or all the magazines, or the publication of all the books, no rational objection could be offered to a congressional inquiry into such charges. Free speech for private citizens is one thing. Control by a few private citizens of gigantic media of expres-

sion is most decidedly another thing.

The argument that the bestiality of the nazis is faithfully portrayed in the propaganda films is true but beside the point.

Hollywood has always shown an amazing tenderness toward the communists and Soviet Russia. The American communist party obtained huge sums of money and powerful support from Hollywood. The one or two pictures filmed about Russia constituted, at the most, an extremely gentle slap on the wrist. The man-made famines in Russia, in which millions were deliberately murdered; the purge trials; the Stalin concentration camps and torture chambers: somehow or other Hollywood never got around to giving the American people a full picture of these phenomena. When a New York newspaper exposed a nazi spy, Hollywood was quick to get that story on the screen; but when the Krivitsky revelations appeared, when Ben Gitlow and other former communists exposed Red intrigue in the U. S., Hollywood was not interested.

There is partisanship in Hollywood. Partisanship in control of a far-flung, thought-molding medium is not a healthy thing for the U. S.

A Chinese student was riding in an auto with one of our western speed demons one day. The driver saw a train coming, and said, "Unless we beat that train across we shall be delayed three minutes." He stepped on the gas, and made it, with only seconds to spare. When they were safely across, the Oriental asked quietly, "Now, what are you going to do with the three minutes?"

St. Anthony Messenger (Nov. '41).

Cardinal Mercier

By A. J. DE STRYCKER

Condensed from *Belgium**

He speaks from the grave

Cardinal Mercier was endowed by nature with the ability to win the esteem and confidence of anyone he met. His welcome to visitors was smiling, kindly, full of good will, given weight by a reserve that was dignified without being distant. Waving you to a seat, he fixed upon you a look of benevolence which seemed to signify the concentration of his entire interest upon the problem of giving you sympathetic and understanding help. Usually he listened in silence, merely nodding from time to time, to encourage you to go on. When the response came, it was clear and precise. His mind had grasped unerringly all the ins and outs of the matter, had established their relationship and essential significance. The solution he arrived at was coldly and strictly logical. In advising a course of conduct, however, he did not appeal solely to the intelligence. With fine sensitivity of feeling, he stressed the beauty and grandeur of the ideal he presented, and his response revealed so elevated a plane of thought as to impose unquestioning acceptance. You left, awed by his intellectual mastery.

Even physically, he was impressive. He towered over everyone who came

near him. His frail body and emaciated features told the story of an ascetic life. Intelligence shone on his wide brow. Deep-set, gentle but scrutinizing eyes bore witness to keenness of thought. His mobility of expression reflected each fleeting change in his thoughts. Through all this glowed a soul of frankness and sincerity. Such were the qualities, moral, intellectual, and physical, which gave Cardinal Mercier his established eminence.

Circumstances do not make the man. Yet in different combinations of circumstances, qualities remain latent or come to full fruition. In this sense, Cardinal Mercier was especially favored by circumstances. His contribution to the renaissance of philosophy came at a time of complete intellectual confusion.

Cardinal Mercier's chief reason for the ardent pursuit of philosophical studies was the low standard of learning in that field. The revolutionary Renaissance, revolted by the pettiness and triviality into which the old schools of philosophy had sunk, laid claim to the creation of an intellectual revival completely cut off from the past. There was experimentation with new synthesis in the form of positiv-

*6 E. 45th St., New York City. July 31, 1941.

ism, materialism, subjectivism, idealism, traditionalism, ontologism, all of which mutually proved their inherent weakness. Pedagogy, in the depressing wilderness of this multiplicity, resigned itself to an eclecticism which by its very lack of cohesion left unsatisfied any mind capable of thought. Confusion was complete.

In his browsings, young Mercier came in contact with the philosophical doctrines of Thomas Aquinas, through the commentaries of Tongiorgi, and later of Kleutzen. Impressed by this first initiation, he went back to the source, acquiring numerous works of the master of the Middle Ages. For five years he lived a life of enforced labor, working until late into the night, and arising at four in the morning. For hours, every day, he remained plunged in the study of the voluminous works of the great thinker. He was struck by the force and cohesion of the Thomist system, by the rebuttal it offered to errors then current, by the agreement of its main thesis with the conclusions of contemporary science.

Head of the Church at that time was the great Pope Leo XIII. His superior intelligence was strongly disquieted by the intellectual chaos in which Catholic thinkers were then floundering. His encyclical *Aeterni Patris* of 1879 urged that Christianity return to the great masters of thought of the Middle Ages, in par-

ticular to St. Thomas of Aquin. He expressed to the University of Louvain a desire for the founding of a chair of Thomist philosophy. Young Abbé Mercier had anticipated the Pope's inspiration by five years, and he became the original occupant of the new chair at the university.

The public was ill prepared for intellectual initiative of this sort. There was danger of failure. But the gifts of the young master, his magnetism as a lecturer, and his labor to acquire, in addition to the philosophical system, the scientific basis which would render his philosophical teaching timely and alive, triumphed over the prejudices of the public, and the dryness of abstractions and made his course an outstanding success.

But this was only a first step. The idea that all the sciences come into the focus of philosophy, and that these general ideas should be capable of forming a synthesis of fundamental principles common to all the sciences, opened up to Professor Mercier visions of a work too vast to be accomplished by a single isolated professor. What was needed was not a course, but a whole school; not a professor, but a faculty. Each branch of philosophy would have its head, who would first master the secrets of one of the experimental sciences and then present his philosophical teaching as the consummation of this science. Through the concerted efforts of the entire

school a broad, scientific-philosophic synthesis would be achieved.

This idea was behind the *Institut Supérieur de Philosophie* organized by Mercier in 1893, and officially established at Louvain by Pope Leo XIII in 1894. This school, with Mercier as president, became the center of a vast scientific collaboration. One after another, along with treatises on various branches of philosophy, appeared more specialized works. These were translated into numerous languages, and their editions multiplied. The *Revue Néo-Scolastique*, official organ of the new philosophic system, gained international circulation. Numerous young men, educated at the institute, carried its teachings beyond the frontiers. Other institutes were established on the Louvain plan. Professor Mercier's great dream came true. Neo-Thomism became a philosophical movement, the importance of which no one longer thought of denying.

A belief in the supernatural is a prerequisite to any real grasp of the cardinal's personality. By constant self-watchfulness he had oriented his whole being and all his activities into an outward functioning of his love of God. In the secret workings of his conscience, actions which in others would be entirely justified by natural motives became definite acts of serving God. This love of God had become the warp and woof of his life.

Through it he stifled all egoism, human vanity, petty spitefulness, weakness.

Love of country, and the active co-operation of citizens for the good of the community are directly derived from the natural social ties uniting members of that community. In this sense, love of country is a civic virtue. But its ultimate source—as a conscientious duty owed to God—is the divine will which has constituted the social nature of man's being. By implication, His will was to establish a human society under the control of authority. This authority is to be exercised with respect for the individual members and for their rights. In turn they are to respect the legitimate authority, and cooperate in the achievement of the greatest common good. In this sense, patriotism is a religious virtue.

The war gave scope for the manifestation of his love for his people, for the lofty and intrepid nature of his patriotism. He made himself all things to all men. His pastoral letters are masterly lessons, exhorting the nation to endurance, patience, confidence, and national pride. His sermons at St. Gudule stirred crowds to fresh hope and patriotic ardor. He traveled wherever misery asked for help. When he bent his gaze upon the sufferings of his people, it was to endure these sufferings with them, and to lift up his voice, not in hysteri-

cal wails, but in noble protest against injustice and the violation of rights. Vigorously he attacked the deportation of workers and illegal imprisonment. He denounced the wretched intrigues of those rare individuals who, under the occupation, sought to realize aspirations inimical to the nation.

With unflagging vigilance, he succeeded in galvanizing the will of others into patient sacrifice and proud resistance. On his return from Rome in 1916, he was able to write to the members of his diocese: "The moral level of the peoples who are neutral, or who were formerly neutral, has risen. The spirit of sacrifice is understood. Homage is paid to it. Gratitude is yours. Admiration is yours. Your generation has taken a brilliant place in history. Shall we not, brothers, call that a conquest, and in the measure in which moral possessions outrank worldly ones, are you not the most glorious of conquerors?" He added to the stature of the Belgian nation in its own eyes, and in the eyes of the world.

Scarcely was the war over, when recognition came to him from the four corners of the earth. The first testimony was that of Pope Benedict XV, who sent Cardinal Ceretti to express the high esteem of the Holy Father. Then Malines saw in sequence the arrival of President Wilson, Raymond Poincaré, the presidents

of Brazil and Argentina, the queen of England, the kings of Norway and Rumania, the crown prince of Japan, the king of Spain, the chiefs of the victorious army, and a host of others.

In the course of his trips through Italy and France, the cardinal was wildly acclaimed by the enthusiastic crowds. In response to a pressing invitation from Cardinal Gibbons, he visited the U. S. and Canada. There the enthusiasm of his reception passed all bounds. On his arrival, factories and schools were closed. Traffic was stopped. Everybody wanted to see and hail the Great Man of the War. All the cities where he stopped made him an honorary citizen. Great organizations begged for a visit. Universities gave him degrees. The climax came in New York City. From a grandstand the cardinal watched a victory parade. General Pershing, just back from Europe, rode at the head of his victorious troops. The vast crowd saw him halt suddenly, dismount, and go to pay his respects to the cardinal. The crowd went wild.

In the midst of all this glory, the cardinal smiled with unchanged simplicity. He gave the impression that he was there only as a witness, and, as he once said, the honors went all to an office and a certain rank, and not to him in person. This humility was not the smallest parcel of his grandeur.

His voice reaches us from the grave.

"Buy-Sell" in China

By JOSEPH McCOY, S.M.

Around the mulberry bush

Condensed from the *Apostle of Mary**

In business one Chinese is supposed to be able to get the better of ten westerners. In the old days there were very few Jews in China and they are said to have died of starvation. Be that as it may, every Chinese baby is born with an abacus in his left hand, and a yardstick in his right; and before he is able to walk he has already learned to wait on the counter. Missionaries in China have, naturally, a great deal of business to do with the people, and their presence in a neighborhood is welcomed much as a fox might welcome the advent of a chicken fancier. After a few years the stupid foreigner learns to take care of himself, and often achieves the honor of paying less than two or three times the price asked for an article.

The first thing any new missionary must do in a new area is to secure a piece of land. He looks about for a suitable location which the owner is willing to part with. I don't remember the procedure in America. Quite possibly the buyer might even approach the owner and ask him the price. Such a step in China would be ridiculous and disastrous. One fine morning the missionary sends one of his friends down to look over "that barren waste just north of the woods."

He occasionally makes slighting remarks about the property being unfit for his purpose. Finally, he might confide (under pledge of great secrecy) to his No. 1 man that he would take the property if the owner would sell it at \$5 an acre. All these harmless machinations are unknown to the world at large except for the few thousand people in the surrounding villages. The owner of the property carries on his part of the deal in much the same way as the missionary. This may continue for as long as two years until everyone is perfectly satisfied that everyone else knows his intentions. As soon as it is clear that the missionary will not take the land at any price, not even as a gift, and that the owner will never part with his property, not even at the price of 10,000 *yuan* (\$3,000) an acre, the way is open for the transaction, which may be carried through with remarkable ease.

Chinese graves are rather large mounds of earth usually situated in the middle of a fertile field, and in land transactions they offer an almost insurmountable obstacle. When the last governor of Shantung built a road from Tsinan to the mountains even he was unable to get the graves out

of the way, and for a year or two the traveler was greeted with the unusual sight of mounds dotting the entire road, often right in the middle of it, marking the last resting place of the ancestors of some ambitious farmer. There is a Protestant school in Shanghai where the visitors will be pleasantly surprised by a little park and a circular wall enclosing a small part of the campus. The enclosed land still belongs to a gentleman who can inspect his property only from an airplane.

If purchasing land is so troublesome in the Orient, shopping is a pleasure for one who knows how to go about it. Nowadays people walk up to a merchant, buy something and walk away again much as in America, but as little as five years ago, there were few places in Tsinan where such a custom existed. Everyone knew that the price tag was merely a means of giving face to purchaser and salesman alike.

One afternoon some summers ago a foreigner was walking through a park in Peking when he saw a man selling some attractive wax figures. He felt they would make a fine present for some benefactor back home. The price of one was \$1. After some minutes of pleasant talk, he purchased two, paying 20c in all. That evening he told his friends how he had for the first time got the better of a Chinese merchant, having bought two

fine dolls for 10c each. Little did he know that the merchant was also relating to his family how he had sold two penny dolls for a dime each to a rich foreigner.

The same uncertainty as to price and value makes the purchase of old books a favorite pastime for many a missionary when he comes to the city. Sometimes it is quite possible to find inexpensive books in a variety of languages. The book merchant has no idea whatever of the real value of his wares, and judges the price asked by the anxiety of the purchaser to get the book. Not long ago a Chinese priest from Hungkialou visited a local book market, and found what he thought was a valuable book. The price asked was \$20 but he finally went home with it after having paid only \$2. Arriving in Hungkialou he immediately showed the immense volume to one of the German Fathers who informed him that it was a shipping catalogue!

Shopping in permanently established stores is just as interesting. The average Chinese store has three or four clerks for every customer. One pours out the tea; another offers you a cigarette; a third will talk pleasantly to you about everything and nothing; and a fourth will take care of your needs. To rush into a shop, buy a needed article, and rush out again, robs everyone of a good time. To become angry when \$2 is asked for a 10c notebook is to display a lack of

business acumen. To drink a cup of tea, smoke a cigarette and talk with the clerk for some time, and eventually to walk out after having made a small purchase, gives the shop an air of prosperity and makes everybody happy for the rest of the day.

A large proportion of the Chinese "buy-sell" is done on the street by Chinese carrying their whole fortunes in baskets. These treasures are sold by venders with a language all their own. They walk about the streets yelling out something that no one ever understands. People would not mind the noise if it were limited to daytime. Actually, one is often awakened late at night by some ambitious salesman beneath the window hawking crabs, bread, or some other midnight snack.

How these numerous peddlers manage to eke out a livelihood is really a mystery. They not only find enough to eat, but some of them manage to send their children to school.

Many of them set up their stands in the market on specified days. In Tsinan, this bazaar occupies several streets around the bubbling wells just inside the city walls. It is open every fifth day, and hundreds of "small buy-sell men" set up little booths. Practically every useless article in the world and even some useful ones, can be bought. Transactions rarely involve more than a few dollars, and generally but a few cents. One day

I saw an interesting deal at this market. An old tramp approached a vender with some raw materials in the form of hair for wigs he was selling. The vender threw it on the ground, saying it was unfit for use. The old fellow picked it up humbly, and presented it again, urging his great need of ready money, and the fact that the article was not so bad after all. He demanded a *mao*, less than a cent, but finally sold out for three *fen*, about a third of the original price. The hair resembled the matted pile that sometimes clings to a comb. The sum involved was about one-fifth of an American cent, but the transaction took at least ten minutes and attracted many onlookers.

China, the land of 400 million customers, would appear to have at least 100 million salesmen. The ability of the people to keep body and soul together on very little, the patience, and the simplicity of living which it all indicates, show the inherent strength of the race. Long after the present high-pressure sales methods of the West, with their single appeal to an easy life, will have disappeared, the old Chinese merchant will probably be walking down the street beating his wooden block, or his drum, or his cymbal, as his fathers did before him. And perhaps then, as now, the boy entering high school will write on his application blank: Father's occupation, "Small buy-sell man."

Apostle of Coney Island

Roller coaster to the stars

By THOMAS STANLEY

Condensed from the *Exponent**

Coney Island in 1899 was a rough place. Behind a veneer of glamor and tinsel, immigrant Italians lived in misery. Brawls occurred almost every night and not infrequently a victim lay upon the beach next morning. Catholics, all of them, in name, but they had no church, no priest and no time for God. Many who could stand it no longer, took the coward's way out.

The bishop was informed, and so, in a short while, a tall and handsome young priest with jet black hair and a deep, harmonious voice was sent among them. He was Father Joseph Francis Brophy. The son of an American army captain, he had studied in Rome and had been ordained in the Lateran. His flock, informed beforehand of his appointment, was ready for him. A flag went up in his honor and the fire bell clanged out a noisy welcome. Women knelt in the street and, with much weeping and vocal prayer, kissed his hands. It was only a Palm Sunday.

During his visitation he learned a different story. People hid under beds, in closets and in iceboxes to avoid him. A gang of street toughs found him a good target for their slingshots. Dirt was swept out on him

from upper windows to discourage his persistence at the doorbells. He touched the heart of one of his charges to the tune of \$1, but a few days later it was demanded back because the church was not yet up.

The fact is that Father Brophy did not put up a church at all. He obtained an abandoned dance hall, induced a swarm of little Italians to clean it out, and began alterations. Two saloon screens set off the sacristy, an old icebox served as the stand for the altar stone, and discarded park benches were arranged for pews. A large and useless stove was set up in the rear (it made a good impression, but that was all). Some billboards, displaying the fine qualities of tobacco and face cream, were fastened together to make a confessional!

Father Brophy's troubles were more than architectural. Most of his parish could not boast of having gone to church more than once (the day they were married) since they had come to America. We can hardly wonder then, that after hearing their first Mass in the converted dance hall, the youth of the congregation made a dash for the door; that being repulsed by several strong-armed elders and informed that they were to remain for

*The University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio. October, 1941.

Sunday school, they remarked wonderingly, "What's the matter? The show's over!"

A big man (and Father Brophy was a big man) usually has the misfortune of having a big heart. While making his visitations, parishioners would give Father Brophy money, but as he made his rounds in the poorer districts, it quickly disappeared. Often during his walks he would pick up street urchins and take them to a near-by store for a complete outfit. Once a young tramp broke into his poor box. Father Brophy chased him for three blocks and led him back. After making him return what he had stolen, Father Brophy reached into his own pocket and gave the boy some money.

Father Brophy had another quality that is rarely found in the majority of men. He knew when to pray and when to take action. Shortly after his arrival he wished to move his church to a more central location, having in mind a certain piece of property. But the price was too high, and he knew that if the owner got wind of his intentions it would be higher still. So he prayed; not long after, it was donated to him.

It is said that every saint is a contradiction to the evils of his day. Father Brophy certainly was at loggerheads with Coney Island. He conceived the idea of making his church a place of national pilgrimage, and

for the holy souls in purgatory at that! Imagine a shrine for the holy souls in the midst of Coney! But it's there!

He secured his new location. Then he set his church on rollers and moved it there. More alterations. A beautiful hand-carved mahogany railing obtained from a saloon that had failed was installed as the Communion railing. A bishop donated a beautiful group statue.

Attention was brought to the exterior. The "Flip Flap," predecessor to the "Cyclone," was blown over one day during a storm. The lumber, donated by the non-Catholic owner, was used to build a belfry, and the volunteer fire department contributed a bell. A coat of paint for the church, a bit of landscaping and gardening, and all was completed.

That is, nearly all. One thing was yet undone; so Father Brophy went to Rome and came back with a litany of privileges for his shrine, chief among them being that of having his church declared a Roman shrine.

Despite his failing health, he was tireless. He began the still more arduous work of forming sodalities, organizing fairs, and putting up a school. Not only was he Coney's spiritual authority, but the civil power as well, for what law and order existed there was due to him.

Like his fellows in the army of unbloody and unsung martyrs who labor

alone and forgotten, overcoming obstacles we call insurmountable, he wore himself out quickly. In his lifetime he had made death easier for many (he used to stop and board ambulances and render what help he could). Then, before he was 40, and

only nine years after his arrival at Coney his own turn came.

Father Brophy was a hero of Catholic Action and his aim was to "restore all things in Christ." He answered the problems of his day, not with words, but with actions.



Jubilee Gift

A pastor of a prominent church in the Middle West was celebrating the 25th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. He had been a good pastor to his people, and they wanted to show their appreciation for his years of service. Gathered together in council, they decided that they would make up a good-sized purse for him, and send him off on a real vacation. It was to be all very secret. But word leaked out. The pastor heard about it. The following Sunday he made this announcement:

"My dear friends: You will never know how your love for me, proved by what I hear you are going to do for me, has warmed my heart. I appreciate it fully; I shall never forget it. But, without meaning any offense, might I say this? It is not money that I want for my anniversary. You have always been more than generous to me in that regard. Do you know what I do want? Bring me 25 prospective converts on the day I sing my jubilee Mass, and I shall ask no more."

Gathered together in council again, the people revised their plans. They went forth with new resolution. They began to work.

On the day of the jubilee, after the Mass, a delegation waited on the pastor. "Father," the spokesman said, "we have come with our present." The door to the adjoining parlor was opened, and there sat or stood 25 men and women. With an expansive wave of the hand, the spokesman continued, "Your prospective converts."

The 25 are members of the faith today.

The *Liguorian* (Jan. '41).

A Baby Is Born

Condensed from the *Catholic Worker**

Ambulance at dawn

It is Jan. 9, 1941, and the New York *Times* this morning is filled with news of total war and total defense. Every day, four-column headlines of the costs of war: 1942 Budget \$17,485,528,049. Funds for British to Be Sought Later.

Wonder what that \$49 tacked on at the end of the \$17,485,528,000 is for? Fifty dollars, we know, will pay for a baby, if you are poor, at any hospital in the city.

William, our new baby down here on Mott St., is hereby headlined on our front page, as the biggest news of the month; the gayest, most beautiful, most tragic news, and indeed more worthy of a headline than the \$17,485,528,049 in the New York *Times*. William himself is worth more than that sum, more indeed than all the money in the world. He is indeed but dust, the Lord knoweth it, but he is also little less than the angels. He is a creature of body and soul, a child of God (by his Baptism down at Transfiguration church last Sunday at 2 P.M.), a temple of the Holy Ghost. For his sake our Lord God came down from heaven, was incarnate of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, was made man, lived with us for 33 years, and suffered and laid down His life: for William's

sake as well as for the sake of each one of us.

We had awaited William's arrival, the week before Christmas, breathlessly. Every night before we went to bed we asked the young mother, "How do you feel?" and asked each other (we women on the two top floors of St. Joseph's House on Mott St.), "Is there taxi money?" in case it would be too late to call an ambulance.

And then, one morning at 5, I heard rapid footsteps in the room above and the voice of the ambulance interne in the hall.

It was still dark out, but it was indubitably morning. Lights were on in the kitchens of surrounding tenements. Fish peddlers, taxi drivers, truckmen, longshoremen, were up and on their way to work. The business of life was beginning. And I thought, "How cheerful to begin to have a baby at this time of the morning!" Not at 2 A.M., for instance, a dreary time, of low vitality, when people sink beneath their woes, and courage flags. Five o'clock is a cheerful hour of the day.

Down in our little back yard (where we had the Christmas tree this year), down in that cavernous pit beneath tenements looming five and

*115 Mott St., New York City. January, 1941.

seven stories up, we could hear them dragging out the ash cans, bringing in the coffee cans for the line.

Peter Clark and his crew were on hand, cutting pumpernickel (none of this already sliced, pasty, puffy, white bread for us), getting out the cups, preparing the coffee for our 800 or so breakfast guests.

Out in front the line was forming already and two or three fires in the gutters brought out in sharp relief the haggard faces of the men, the tragedy of their rags. The bright flames, the blue-black sky, the gray buildings all about, everything sharp and clear, and this morning a white ambulance drawn up in front of the door.

This is not the story of the tragedy of the mother. We are not going into details about that. But I could not help thinking that while I was glad the morning was beginning, it was a miserable shame that the departure of the young woman for her ordeal should be witnessed by a long, silent, waiting line of men. They watched her, a slight figure, bundled on that cruelly cold morning come down from the dark, silent house to get into the ambulance.

Not one man, not a dear husband, not a protector on whom she could lean for comfort and strength. There was no Joseph this winter morning. But there were hundreds of men, silent, waiting and wondering per-

haps as they watched the ambulance, whether it was life or death that had called it out.

"This is worse than war," one woman friend said a few days before, contemplating the situation. And we agreed, wondering if anything indeed could be more desperate and sad than a woman left to have her child alone.

There you have the tragedy of the refugee, there you have the misery of homelessness, the uncertainty as to food and clothing and shelter (and this woman had known hunger). And there, too, you have the pain and agony of the flesh. No soldier with his guts spilled out on the battlefield, impaled for hours on barbed wire, suffers physically more than a woman in childbirth. Physically, I say, because does not the soldier in his horror and pain wonder what has brought him to this pass—what is being accomplished by the gigantic agony of war? With the woman the suffering brought forth life. War, death. And despite shame and fear and uncertainty, as in this case, still there cannot but be joy over a child born into the world.

For us most truly this has been a season of happiness, "for unto us a son is born, unto us a child is given." Christ Himself came so truly to us this Christmas Day in this baby, just as in the persons of the hungry men.

"The Rosary"

By KATHLEEN DESMOND

The wine poured forth

Condensed from the *Messenger of Our Lady of Prompt Succor**

The occasion was a soiree at the home of Mrs. X, at a fashionable watering place. Among her invited guests was Father Whalen, a kindly, retiring priest whose very kindness rendered it difficult to keep in retirement.

"The lady just now rising to sing, Father," said Mrs. X, "is a convent-bred girl. She has an exquisite contralto voice, and I am sure you are going to enjoy her song."

"It's a new composition," she continued, "called *The Rosary*. Music is by Ethelbert Nevin; words by —"

But here she was interrupted by a servant seeking information or orders. The listening priest was not aware of the interruption, however. So utterly engrossed was he in the singing that he was oblivious of hostess, time, place, everything.

What was it about this song which brought to his expressive face that look of mingled pathos and surprise? He seemed to be seeing scenes, re-living incidents conjured up by that poignant, appealing melody.

His hostess, now returned, was surprised to see tears glistening in his eyes. Could it be that Father Whalen was sentimental? Weeping over a love song! And he so sane and holy a man. Mrs. X was mildly shocked. Well,

after all, one shouldn't be too hard on a man for being human.

To kiss the cross. The clear thrilling young voice died away into silence, and for a brief instant the priest sat transfixed. Then he arose and made his way to where the singer stood receiving congratulations.

"It was very beautiful," he said, that strange look of suffering and bewilderment still on his face. Then casually, "Who wrote the words?"

"Oh, Robert Cameron Rogers," she answered. "It's difficult to decide which is more exquisite, the words or the music," she continued appreciatively. "That's why they blend so well, I suppose. I'm glad you like it."

He murmured something about a beautiful voice being a signal gift of God; then bidding her good night, he sought out his hostess to take leave of her.

Back in the rectory Father Whalen did something which he was not usually wont to do. In the quiet of his study he resigned himself utterly to memory, letting her draw back the curtain which veiled the past and show him once more what he had seen during the singer's song.

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart. He saw a frail young nun in

*2635 State St., New Orleans, La. October, 1941.

an invalid's chair: a nun with eyes and features closely resembling his. His own loved little sister, in fact, dying of tuberculosis. "Dear heart," ah, how dear! The "hours" he spent—those all too brief visits that he was able to snatch from his days as a busy student at a Washington university.

Are as a string of pearls. Prayerful, priceless pearls—purified by sorrow—his Rosary.

O memories that bless and burn. Ah yes, the "bless" looming larger as the years went by; the "burn" still having the power to sear, though, as he had realized this night.

O barren gain and bitter loss. That line jarred. God forgive it. She would not have approved of that line. No, decidedly not. But oh, how he had watched and yearned and prayed and hoped that that life so closely knit with his would be spared.

Manfully, he had wrestled with his sorrow, but in the beginning he had found it bitter. Resignation came, however, and came fully. *To kiss the cross.* And it was expressed in the words of the song that that girl had sung tonight, words which he had penned in the first agony of bereavement.

For Father Thomas Whalen of Chicago was himself author of the words for which Nevin wrote the musical accompaniment. *My Rosary*, Father Whalen had titled his composition which he at first meant no eye to rest

on but his own. Later, however, deeming perhaps that it might help some other soul wrestling with "a sorrow that would not down," he had sent the poem anonymously to the *Washington Post*. He sent it anonymously because of one line, "O barren gain and bitter loss," which he felt implied rebellion against God's will—words he deemed unworthy of a priest's pen.

The *Post* published the poem and Robert Cameron Rogers clipped and sent it to Ethelbert Nevin who fashioned its haunting melody. Nevin, thinking Rogers the author, credited him with the authorship and the mistake was never rectified. Father Whalen died in 1903, and it was only many years later, after the death of his sister, Sister Emily, that friends of hers disclosed the story of *The Rosary's* authorship as confided by her to them.

The Rosary, then, is not a love song, and the interpolation of *sweetheart* in the last line shows utter ignorance of its authorship and the circumstances under which it was written. On the other hand, it may be said to be a love story in the highest and truest sense of the word, for it tells of a love, devoted, ardent, changeless, pure, relinquished in favor of the claims of a greater Lover. The essence of love is sacrifice and the worth of love, like that of life is to be measured.

Not by the wine drunk
But by the wine poured forth.

Symbolism in the Church

By LEONARD WILSON

Condensed from *Extension**

Meaning without words

Ancient as man himself, symbolism is one of the most fascinating of human languages. Long before man had devised the complicated written languages we know now, our caveman ancestors were graphically expressing their thoughts and emotions in crude symbols. In fact, it is impossible to determine the historic origin of symbolism as a universal language, for it seems that from the beginning of time man selected the lion as a symbol of courage; the lamb, meekness; the lily, purity; the olive branch, peace; and made these signs an intrinsic part of his expression.

It was inevitable that the first Christians, driven to the catacombs and accustomed traditionally to "talking with pictures," should use symbols to express their love of God. In the beginning it was a secret sign language that made Christian known to Christian. Although the Edict of Milan in 313 allowed Christians to practice their religion openly, sacred symbolism continued to be used and enriched.

Few Catholics realize that every Catholic church is really a "sermon in stone" and that every article of adornment is replete with sacred symbolism, each containing a holy message for the encouragement, consolation and inspi-

ration of the faithful. It is regrettable that many earnest Catholics are so poorly acquainted with the treasures of learning embodied in their churches. So important is this question of symbolism considered that it has been suggested that every local Catholic church should issue its own brochure or *Symbolic and Iconographic Guide* for the instruction of its parishioners.

The most important of all symbols is the cross, the holy sign of redemption and the supreme emblem of Christianity, which surmounts every Catholic edifice. There are probably more than 250 different varieties of the cross, each designed to convey some special significance while still retaining its primary meaning. Among the earliest forms of the Christian cross may be mentioned the anchor cross, one of the emblems of the Second Person of the Holy Trinity, signifying the hope of the believer in the saving merits of Jesus Christ; the *crux ansata*, the central upper arm of which terminates in a circle representing eternity; the *tau* cross, or *crux commissa*, usually associated with St. Anthony; the *crux gammata*, which is the cross formed by four Greek *gammas*; the archiepiscopal cross, with two transverse beams; the papal cross, with

*360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. November, 1941.

three; the cross on three steps, which latter represent respectively the virtues of faith, hope and charity; and the Celtic or wheel cross.

So important is the cross considered in Catholic worship that even the ground floor of the church has been invariably cruciform in shape since early times. It indicates the Body of our Lord stretched out on the cross. The edifice is usually built on rising ground, to allude to the rock (Peter) on which Christ has built His Church.

The two principal divisions of the church interior, sanctuary and nave, are destined for the clergy and laity. The latter signifies the Church Militant, the union of all the faithful on earth, while the former, according to St. Augustine, symbolizes the "triumphant heaven where Christ is seated on His throne (the holy tabernacle)." The raising of the sanctuary above the nave makes room for a crypt beneath which sometimes contains the body of a saint; but, in cases where a crypt does not exist, the altar stone, containing the relics of one or more saints, takes its place to commemorate "communion with the faithful departed."

The baptistery, usually separated from the nave on the Gospel side, contains the baptismal font, which is of stone in commemoration of the fact that our Lord, "the Fountain of Living Waters," is the Rock on which is built His Church.

The church door is a symbol of the Saviour who said, "I am the Door. By Me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved." The floor conveys the idea of humility as one's body and spirit are bowed down towards it in contrition and prayer. The cornerstone of the building represents Christ Himself, the Foundation Stone on which all others are considered to rest. The north and south parallel walls are held to typify the two main divisions of the human race, Jews and Gentiles, united in Christ, the Cornerstone, while the east and west walls symbolize the clergy and laity, and their union in Christ; the four walls together, forming a quadrilateral, allude to the four Evangelists, considered to be the master builders of the Church.

The church windows, too, have many mystic meanings attributed to them. Durandus says: "The church windows are symbolic of the Holy Scriptures and of the writings of the Fathers, for both admit the glorious light of God's true sun into the hearts of the faithful, and, at the same time, protect them against anything that might do them harm." When windows "consist of three divisions they are symbolic of the Blessed Trinity; when of five they are symbolic of the five precious wounds of the Saviour; when of seven they represent the seven sacraments or the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost."

Meaning, still more profound, is at-

tached to the east windows "which shed the sparkling luster of their colors over the altar of the Lord." Receiving, as they do, "the spotless light of the morning sun which they transmit over the crowd of the faithful assembled for worship in the nave, symbolism points to them as an emblem of the virgin Mother of God, the Gate of Heaven, through which the Son of God entered the world in the East to bring light and life to the whole earth. The circular shape of the rose window denotes the infinite perfection of the Almighty who has neither beginning nor end."

The immovable columns or pillars, which support the upper part of the church edifice, constitute "a natural symbol of the Church of God, which, according to St. Paul, is 'the pillar and the ground of truth.' Firmly planted in the bedrock, Christ, it rises up heavenward, rendering visible to the eyes of all the lofty edifice of the Lord's teaching."

Of the principal objects in every church, the altar, naturally, is by far the most important. So replete with symbolism is this heart of every Catholic church, in its various parts and furnishings, that many pages would be necessary to accord even passing notice to each of them. In the language of Father Nieuwbarn, "The altar bears a threefold aspect, for it is considered as the place of adoration where the prayers and aspirations of

the faithful are offered; as the place of sacrifice where holy Mass is offered; and as the dwelling place of the Lord." It represents the table of the Lord's Last Supper, or, as St. Thomas Aquinas expresses it, "the representation of the cross on which Christ was truly personally sacrificed on Calvary."

Of the different works of art which adorn the house of God and facilitate worship, the most important are those which represent the Deity. The symbols which denote the Blessed Trinity are few on account of the inability of finite minds to give material expression to the mystery of the triune God. These consist of the triangle, composed of three equal sides and angles, which sometimes contains a representation of the "All-Seeing Eye," the trefoil and three-leaved clover, united in a single stem; three intersecting circles of equal size forming one geometrical figure; or three segments of circles containing a triangle on which is sometimes written the name of God in Hebrew characters. One symbolic representation of the Holy Trinity, very ancient and seldom seen, is that of a half-figure which denotes God the Father, supporting with both hands the horizontal arm of the cross to which is nailed His divine Son, while the Holy Ghost, in the form of a dove, hovers between.

Symbolic representations of God the Father oftentimes consist of a hand

raised up in benediction to denote the Creator, or an imperial crown to typify the majesty of the Ruler of the world. A design of an aged Man holding in His hands the Book of Eternal Wisdom, was later used.

The Second Person of the Holy Trinity, who was "made Man," is more easily depicted, as He can be portrayed in the body. Artists have excelled themselves in the beauty and variety of such representations in all stages of His earthly career, from the Holy Child in the manger, to His glorious ascension into heaven.

The emblems chosen to denote the Holy Spirit are confined to the dove, in which guise His presence was manifested at the Baptism of Christ in the River Jordan, and to a representation of the fiery tongues, the form in which He descended on the apostles.

The list of animals and birds used in church symbolism is long and varied. One of the earliest symbols, the lamb with the nimbus around its head, refers to that prayer in the Mass: "Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world." When depicted with a cross or banner over the shoulder, it is an emblem of victory over sin. As the lion is the king of beasts, in this kingly sense it is symbolic of our Lord as Ruler of heaven and earth. The stag, or hart, is representative of the soul's desire for Holy Communion—"as the hart longeth for the living waters."

While artists, from early days, have not been slow to give expression to their veneration for the blessed Mother of our Lord, to her virginity and divine maternity, the lily, the rose, the star, the tower of ivory, and a litany of other emblems are used in allusion to her.

One of the most striking symbols found in the catacombs is that of the fish bearing on its back a basket of loaves, with a glass vessel of wine appearing through the meshes of the basket. The fish, of course, represents Christ, the loaves His Body, and the wine His Blood, the whole signifying that Christ Himself brings the Eucharist to the faithful.

The pelican, another beautiful example of the Holy Eucharist, dates from the Middle Ages. According to popular* legend, this bird pierces its breast with its beak and nourishes its young with its blood.

The symbolism of the Church extends to and includes emblems of angels, saints, apostles and martyrs, and it embraces also such inanimate objects as trees, flowers, fruits and even colors and numbers. A closer inquiry into the inner meaning of almost everything in connection with the church and Catholic worship will bring its own reward in a deepening of faith which "comes through hearing" but grows affective through lovelessness.

* (But mistaken)—Ed.

Movie Odors

By FRANK KENT

Condensed from the *Catholic Girl**

At last someone has come along with a new idea for the movies: "smellies." The experts expect them to be as common as talkies within ten years.

You're sitting in the theater and on the screen is a picture of honeysuckle. As you're admiring its beauty, a strong, sweet fragrance assails your nostrils. You not only see the honeysuckle, you smell it, too. "Why, this is amazing," you exclaim, sniffing the air about you.

"Smellies" have been tried out in Detroit over a five-week period. Audiences were given questionnaires, asking whether they liked them or not. The vote was overwhelmingly in favor of them. "Smellies" had proved themselves very successful thus far.

Sixty per cent said they would like to have odors synchronized with all pictures. Twenty per cent thought the odors were too weak. Fifteen per cent reported that they were too strong. The other 5% just didn't care.

The system used to odorize the Detroit theater was developed by chemical engineers who placed cartridges containing compounds in a machine, turned on compressed air and shot

They smelled before

out the aromas through the theater's ventilating system.

The scent spread fast and vanished with the scene. For *The Sea Hawk* they whipped out five distinct odors in 90 seconds: the tar and rope smell of old ships, a swamp odor and a rose garden fragrance among them. At first the smells were released by hand, but machinery is now hooked up to automatic controls synchronized to the film.

Another system was tried in New York just before the world's fair last fall—an electrical invention of Swiss scientists, Hans Laube and Robert Barth, which produced odors as easily as sound contraptions produce sounds.

The gadget the Swiss inventors made is operated from a master-control board with dials which can be turned by the regular movie operator. Pictures with odors can now be shown in any theater which has sound equipment, and most any odor can be reproduced.

Mr. Laube and Mr. Barth made a special 35-minute "smellie" titled *My Dream*, which had a cast of 15 people and 32 odors, including perfume, tar, peaches, new mown hay, cocoanut and roses. What you might call a real smelodrama!

Gestapo Meets the Bishop

Condensed from an NCWC dispatch*

High-handed flaunting of the judicial processes by the Gestapo—a course of action which if permitted to continue “will lead our German people and our country to ruin”—is vigorously condemned by the Most Rev. Clemens August Count von Galen, bishop of Münster, in a group of documents which have now become available.

Among the most amazing papers that have come to light in the course of the current international turmoil, these declarations by the world-famous and highly esteemed prelate embrace a sermon he delivered from the pulpit of St. Lambert's church in his See city, and correspondence of protest which he has had with Nazi officials. The letters indicate that Bishop von Galen has received no satisfaction from the Nazi leaders.

“Already a number of times, and again quite recently,” the distinguished bishop said from the pulpit of St. Lambert's, “we have heard of the Gestapo imprisoning irreproachable and highly respected German men, without judgment and without defense, depriving them of their liberty, driving them from the country, and interning some of them. In recent weeks two of my private council, canons of the chapter of our cathe-

dral, have been dragged from their homes by the Gestapo, transported out of Münster and exiled in places far from where permanent residence had been assigned to them.

“To my protest made to the ministry of the Reich, I have received absolutely no reply. But at least this much has been established through telephonic information from those close to the Gestapo: neither of the two canons was charged with either a suspicion or an accusation of punishable conduct.”

Bishop von Galen added that these canons had been punished “because I had done something that did not meet with the approval of the government of the Reich. In filling four vacancies in the chapter of the cathedral during the last two years, the government informed me that in three instances the nominations were not agreeable. Because, according to the terms of the Prussian concordat of 1929, the right of opposition on the part of the government is excluded, in two of the four instances I maintained the nomination.”

Next day, Bishop von Galen telegraphed to Dr. Lammers, minister of the Reich, a protest against the confiscation of monasteries and convents—the action which signalized his ser-

* *Lisbon, Portugal. Oct. 3, 1941.*

mon in St. Lambert's the day before. "The inmates, blameless German men and women, honorable members of German families, some of whose relatives are fighting for Germany as soldiers," he said, "are being robbed of their homes and their property, thrown into the streets, and banished from their home provinces." He begged "the Führer and chancellor of the Reich, for the sake of justice and the solidarity of the home front, for protection of the freedom and property of Germans from the arbitrary action of the secret state police and from robbery for the benefit of the district government."

In response to this appeal, Bishop von Galen received from Dr. Lammers a communication saying his protest had been referred "to the commander of the SS in the Reich and the chief of the German police in the Reich ministry of the interior for further action."

Replying, Bishop von Galen expressed his assumption that his protest was referred to the commander of the SS in the Reich and the chief of the German police "by direction of the Führer." "It was just this secret state police under the leadership of Mr. Himmler," the bishop added, "against which I had asked protection for the freedom and property of innocent fellow countrymen."

Now if the same Mr. Himmler is to pass on the fate of the complaint

made to the Führer and chancellor of the Reich against the action of the secret state police, it is certain, to start with, that my interposition for liberty and justice, my efforts for maintenance of the home front, will remain without any result. For in that case the person who gave the orders to the secret state police, that is, the one who is chiefly responsible for their acts, is made judge in his own case! In that case the rule of terror of the secret state police will also continue to bear upon all fellow countrymen as a frightful burden."

"It must be clear to every intelligent person," Bishop von Galen also said to Dr. Lammers, "that the Führer, chancellor of the Reich and commander-in-chief of the armed forces, is so engaged with matters of foreign policy and war that he is not in a position to act and settle himself all petitions and pleas that are addressed to him. Adolph Hitler is not a divine being who, exalted above any earthly limitations, is capable of keeping everything in mind at once and directing everything."

But, the bishop added, when, because "of this heaping up of work for the responsible Führer," matters go so far that the secret state police, without hindrance, "shatter the home front of the German people"; that "safety under the law is destroyed"; that "confidence in the national government is destroyed," he feels that, as a

German and a Catholic bishop, he must disregard the consequences for himself and raise his voice.

Bishop von Galen said in his sermon in St. Lambert's that he fully appreciated that he also might be dragged off to a concentration camp. "Since under those circumstances I could no longer speak publicly," he added, "today I want to go on record publicly against continuation along this line which, according to my firm conviction, is bringing down upon men the divine chastisement and un-

necessarily leading to the misfortune and ruin of our people and our country.

"The duty of my episcopal office to defend the moral order, and the obligation of my oath which I swore before God and before the representative of the government of the Reich, that I would prevent, according to my strength, any misfortune that might menace the German state, force me, in the presence of the acts of the Gestapo, to denounce by means of a public warning these very acts."



St. Odile's Prophecy

Reprinted from the *Cross**

A great deal of interest has been aroused abroad, and some in this country, in St. Odile and a prophecy she is said to have made in a letter to her brother. For this reason, the DIGEST presents it to its readers, but does not vouch for the authenticity of the prediction. Some authorities make of St. Odile herself a rather shadowy figure; others find themselves unable to reconcile the events predicted with the historical facts of her times; still others reject the prophecy as a forgery.

St. Odile, the daughter of an Alsatian nobleman, born blind, received her sight at Baptism; in later years founded the monastery of Hohenburg, and died in 713. The value to be accorded her so-called prophecy, it should be understood, remains purely a matter of private opinion.

Listen, listen, O my brother, for I have seen the terror of the forests and the mountains. Fear has frozen the

peoples, for never in any region of the universe has such perturbation been witnessed. It is the time when Germania will be called the most bellicose nation on earth. It is the epoch when there will spring from its womb the terrible warrior who will undertake war on the world, and whom men under arms will call "Antichrist," he who will be damned by mothers in thousands, crying like Rachel for their children and refusing consolation because their children no longer live, and because all will have been laid waste in their invaded homes.

*Mount Argus, Dublin, S. W. 7, Ireland. July, 1941.

The conqueror will come from the banks of the Danube; he will be a remarkable chieftain among all men. The war he will undertake will be the most terrifying that humans have ever undergone—up to the summit of the mountains. His arms will be flamboyant, and the helmets of his soldiers will be topped by points throwing off lightning, as their hands will carry flaming torches. It will be impossible to list the victims of his cruelties. He will win victories on land and sea and even in the air. Because his winged warriors will be seen, in unbelievable attacks, to rise to the firmament, there to seize the stars to throw them from one end of the universe to the other and light gigantic fires.

Nations will be stunned and will exclaim: "Whence comes his strength? How has he been able to undertake such a war?" The earth will rock with the shock of the combats; rivers will flow red with blood and the marine monsters themselves will flee in terror to the bottom of the ocean; while bleak tempests will spread desolation everywhere. Future generations will be astonished that his strong and numerous enemies were able to stop the march of his victories.

And the war will be very long, and the conqueror will have attained the apex of his triumphs about the middle of the sixth month of the second year of hostilities. It will be the end of the period of bloody victories. In

the flush of his victories he will say: "Accept the yoke of my domination." But his enemies will not submit in any way, and the war will continue. And he will cry: "Misfortune will befall them, for I am their conqueror."

The second part of the war will equal in length the half of the first—it will be known as the period of diminution. It will be full of surprises that will cause the people of the world to quake, particularly when twenty opposing nations take part in this war. About half-way through this period, the small nations submitted to the conqueror will plead: "Give us peace, give us peace." But there will be no peace for these people. This will not be the end of these wars, but the beginning of the end, when hand-to-hand fighting will take place in the citadel of citadels. It is then that there will be revolts among the women of his own country who will want to stone him. But also prodigious things will be done in the Orient.

The third period will be of the shortest duration, and the victor will have lost confidence in his warriors. This will be called the period of invasion, because the country of the conqueror will be invaded in all parts and laid waste in just retribution for his injustices and ungodliness. Around the mountain, torrents of blood will flow. It will be the last battle. Nations will sing their hymns of thanksgiving in the temples of God and will

thank Him for their deliverance because there will have appeared the warrior who will disperse the troops of the victor, whose armies will be decimated by an unknown and great illness. This malady will discourage the hearts of his soldiers, while the nations will say: "The finger of God is there. It is a just punishment." The people will believe that his end is near, the scepter will change hands and my people will rejoice.

Because God is just—while sometimes allowing cruelty and depredations—all the spoliated people who will have believed in Him will recover what they have lost and something additional as a reward on earth. Countless regions where all was fired and made bloody will be saved in a providential manner by their heroic defenders. The region of Lutetia will

itself be saved because of its blessed mountains and its pious women, although everyone will have believed it doomed. Then the people will go to the mountain and offer thanks to God because men will have seen such terrible abominations in this war that their generations will never want more of it.

Woe, however, in these days to those who fear not the Antichrist, because he is the father of those whom crime does not frighten. He will give rise to further murders and there will be many more tears shed. But the era of peace under iron will have arrived and the two horns of the moon will be seen to join the Cross, because in these days frightened men will adore God in all truth, and the sun will shine with unaccustomed brilliance.



Archbishop Cantwell and many other prelates stopped at Boulder Dam en route to the ceremony of the archiepiscopal elevation of Bishop Cantwell in Los Angeles, following the consecration of the Salt Lake cathedral three days previous. They clambered over everything clamberable, but the new archbishop hesitated at climbing into the skip to be swung out over the gorge.

"Don't be afraid, Your Excellency," the foreman reassured him. "We have tested this with a 70-ton load."

"I'd feel safer if you hadn't done that," rejoined the metropolitan of Los Angeles; "you might have strained it."

Children Wanted

By VIRGINIA TRACY

The bigger, the cheaper

Condensed from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat**

Charles F. Vatterott, Jr., has established in St. Louis county a community dedicated entirely to large families. Mary Ridge is one spot where the head of a large family doesn't meet with the rebuff, "Sorry, but you've too many children—the neighbors wouldn't like it." There the answer's different, "Come right in, you're what we're looking for. People who don't like children don't live here."

Mary Ridge is the result of an idea that germinated early in Vatterott's business career and grew into an ideal. Since the project, begun in April, 1940, is almost completed, the story back of it can now be told.

Vatterott, president of the Ball Lumber Co., the founder of Mary Ridge, related how, for two decades, he has longed to establish a community where big families would not only be welcome but invited. In talking to him no one could doubt his sincerity.

"As a real estate man," he said, "and I've been one for 20 years, I am painfully aware that in many subdivisions parents with many children are not welcome and I've sensed the need for something like this. I've developed about 20 subdivisions and have built more than 2,000 homes in

St. Louis county, and I've seen large families discriminated against time and time again. I've sold houses to them and then have seen the ones on each side drag for months. I've had to turn down big families who wanted to buy or rent because the neighboring owners objected. And I made up my mind that some day I'd develop a subdivision devoted exclusively to big families, for, to my mind, they are the backbone of the nation."

The eldest of 11 children, Vatterott is the father of eight, six of whom are still living. From experience he knows the difficulties that beset parents rearing a large family, and, in his own way, he has "always wanted to help lighten the burden for those brave enough to have them."

He knows, too, from experience what it means to be one of a large family: the companionship of brothers and sisters who can get up a baseball game at a moment's notice, or at least a quintet for basketball; the character that a big family fosters; the sense of responsibility that must be developed; the unselfishness that comes from sharing; the consideration that naturally results from having to think of others.

"I founded Mary Ridge," he ex-

*St. Louis, Mo. Sept. 28, 1941.

plained simply, "as a nonprofit subdivision to give home-ownership opportunity and encouragement to parents, regardless of nationality or creed, brave enough, unselfish enough and God-fearing enough to have large families in this birth-control crazed world."

A Catholic, whose children join him each night for family prayers in their home, Vatterott has placed his project under the protection of the patroness of motherhood, Mary, the Mother of Christ; hence the name, Mary Ridge, and the explanation of its colors, blue and white, which appear on all the billboards and signs, and comprise the color scheme of the free bus which transports the children to and from the near-by public, Lutheran and Catholic schools.

Less than two years old, with the last of the 100 houses planned rapidly nearing completion, Mary Ridge is already 80% occupied. Many of the houses were sold before they were built, and before the end of the first year, 50 had been built, sold and were occupied.

Consisting of 53½ acres, three and a half acres of which have been set aside for playgrounds, Mary Ridge is divided into 100 half-acre lots, the houses on which, although different exteriorly, have pretty much the same floor plan: a large living room and kitchen, three bedrooms and bath on the first floor, with a basement garage.

Originally the plan was to sell the whole 100 houses to large families on a nonprofit basis but, realizing that this might result in too many children in one area with consequent over-crowding of schools in the vicinity, Vatterott hit upon a 50-50 idea that goes like this:

Fifty per cent of the houses are sold at an average price of \$3,000 (those who bought earlier paid slightly less, and those who bought after the cost of materials went up, slightly more), with a down payment of approximately \$250 and a monthly installment, including taxes and insurance, of \$29.60, arranged on a 20-year basis. This is at actual cost and is available only to families with four or more children. The other 50% are sold to families with one, two, three or no children, for \$3,500, the \$500 profit being used to build tennis, handball, volley-ball and badminton courts and softball and baseball diamonds; to grade the playgrounds and provide equipment; build a shelter house with a large fireplace; maintain the school bus; furnish flower and vegetable seeds to the residents, and provide prizes for garden contests to encourage the beautification of grounds. Hence all the profits go into subdivision improvements and upkeep, and ultimately everything will belong to the property owners.

The average family in the development, Vatterott said, has five or six

children. Some have four, one seven, and a few, one, two or three. Several young couples with no children have bought homes there, he said, and have cheerfully paid the \$500 extra, in view of its purpose.

"Some of the people," he said, "have thought there must be a catch in this nonprofit plan, but our books are open to anyone who wants to see them. It's simply something I've wanted to do for a long time and I'm getting a lot of satisfaction out of it.

"Of course, we've had a few who didn't get the idea and who got pretty sore about having to pay more, simply because they didn't have enough children; but, as we explained, this place was established primarily for large families, and if they didn't want to buy under those conditions, that was all right with us.

"We've been very careful about the people to whom we've sold, and we've absolutely refused to sell to anyone

who wants to use the property only as an investment. These houses are for people who are going to live in them, and I know they have been a God-send to a lot of large families. Some have even had to borrow the down payment, and for others who were worthy but didn't have it, we've made the necessary arrangements. One family that's moving in right now had been asked to move from the flat it had occupied for several years, because of the children."

Vatterott made it clear that Mary Ridge is not a government project. The FHA refused to finance it, but he succeeded in interesting a group of men who operate a local building-and-loan association.

"Without their cooperation," he said, "Mary Ridge could never have been built. Today they'll tell you that these mortgages and deeds of trust are some of the best they have on their books."



In place of more people per square mile, what we are looking for is more square people per mile.

New York Post quoted in the *Ave Maria* (4 Oct. '41).



A college prof declares that, contrary to unscientific opinion, the interior of the earth is not so hot. In our unscientific opinion, the same is true of the exterior.

The *Santa Clara* (March, '41).

Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres

By HENRY ADAMS

Condensed from the book*

To the Church, no doubt, its cathedral has a fixed and administrative meaning, which is the same as that of every other bishop's seat and with which we have nothing whatever to do. To us, it is a child's fancy: a toyhouse, to please the Queen of Heaven; to please her so much that she would be happy in it; to charm her till she smiled.

In the 12th and 13th centuries, the Queen Mother was as majestic as you like; she was absolute; she could be stern; she was not above being angry; but she was still a woman, who loved grace, beauty, ornament—her robes and jewels; who considered the arrangements of her palace with attention, and liked both light and color; who kept a keen eye on her court, and exacted prompt and willing obedience from kings and archbishops as well as from beggars and priests. She protected her friends and punished her enemies. She required space, beyond what was known in the courts of kings, because she was likely at any time to have 10,000 people begging her for favors, who were deaf to refusal. She was extremely sensitive to neglect, to disagreeable impressions, to want of intelligence in her surroundings. She was the greatest artist, as

she was the greatest philosopher and musician and theologian, who ever lived on earth, except her Son, who, at Chartres, is still an Infant under her guardianship.

The cathedral at Chartres was built for her in this spirit of simple-minded, practical, utilitarian faith; in this singleness of thought, exactly as a little girl sets up a dollhouse for her favorite blond doll. Unless you can go back to your dolls, you are out of place here. If you can go back to them, and get rid for one small hour of the weight of custom, you shall see Chartres in glory.

The palaces of earthly queens were hovels compared with these palaces of the Queen of Heaven at Chartres, Paris, Laon, Noyon, Rheims, Amiens, Rouen, Bayeux, Coutances—a list that might be stretched into a volume. The nearest approach we have made to a palace was the Merveille at Mont-Saint-Michel, but no queen had a palace equal to that. The Merveille was built, or designed, about the year 1200; toward the year 1500, Louis XI built a great castle at Loches in Touraine, and there Queen Anne de Bretagne had apartments which still exist. At Blois is the residence which served for Catherine de Medicis till her death

*Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres. 1936. Houghton Mifflin Co., 2 Park St., Boston.
397 pp. \$3.

in 1589. Anne de Bretagne was trebly queen, and Catherine de Medicis took her standard of comfort from the luxury of Florence. At Versailles one can see the apartments which the Bourbon queens occupied through their century of magnificence. All put together, and then trebled in importance, could not rival the splendor of any single cathedral dedicated to Queen Mary in the 13th century; and of them all, Chartres was built to be peculiarly and exceptionally her delight.

We have grown so used to loose comparison, and to reckless waste of words, that we no longer adopt an idea unless it is driven in with hammers of statistics and columns of figures. With the irritating demand for literal exactness and perfectly straight lines which lights up every truly American eye, you will certainly ask when this exaltation of Mary began, and unless you get the dates, you will doubt the facts. It is your own fault if they are tiresome; you might easily read them all in the *Iconographie de la Sainte Vierge*, by M. Rohault de Fleury, published in 1878. You can start at Byzantium with the Empress Helena in 326, or with the Council of Ephesus in 431. You will find the Virgin acting as the patron saint of Constantinople and of the imperial residence, under as many names as Artemis or Aphrodite had borne. As God-mother, *Deipara*, Pathfinder, she was the chief favorite of the Eastern

empire, and her picture was carried at the head of every procession and hung on the wall of every hut and hovel, as it still is wherever the Greek Church goes. In the year 610, when Heraclius sailed from Carthage to dethrone Phocas at Constantinople, his ships carried the image of the Virgin at their mastheads. In 1143, just before the flèche on the Chartres clocher was begun, the Basileus John Comnenus died, and so devoted was he to the Virgin that, on a triumphal entry into Constantinople, he put the image of the Mother of God in his chariot, while he himself walked.

In the Western Church the Virgin had always been highly honored, but it was not until the Crusades that she began to exercise real power. Then her miracles became more frequent and her shrines more frequented, so that Chartres, soon after 1100, was rich enough to build its western portal with Byzantine splendor. A proof of the new outburst can be read in the story of Cîteaux. For us, Cîteaux means St. Bernard, who joined the Order in 1113, and in 1115 founded his abbey of Clairvaux in the territory of Troyes. In him, the religious emotion of the half-century between the first and second Crusades (1095-1145) centered as in no one else. He was a French precursor of St. Francis of Assisi who lived a century later. If we were to plunge into the story of Cîteaux and St. Bernard we should

never escape, for St. Bernard incarnates what we are trying to understand, and his mind is further from us than the architecture. You would lose hold of everything actual, if you could comprehend in its contradictions the strange mixture of passion and caution, the austerity, the self-abandonment, the vehemence, the restraint, the love, the hate, the miracles, and the skepticism of St. Bernard. The Cistercian Order, which was founded in 1098, from the first put all its churches under the special protection of the Virgin, and St. Bernard in his time was regarded as the apple of the Virgin's eye.

You can still read his hymns to the Virgin, and even his sermons, if you like. To him she was the great mediator. In the eyes of a culpable humanity, Christ was too sublime, too terrible, too just, to be approached directly, but not even the weakest human frailty need fear to come to His Mother. Her attribute was humility; her love and pity were infinite. "Let him deny your mercy who can say that he has ever asked it in vain."

St. Bernard was emotional, and to a certain degree mystical, like Adam de Saint-Victor, whose hymns were equally famous, but the emotional saints and mystical poets were not by any means allowed to establish exclusive rights to the Virgin's favor. Abelard was as devoted as they were, and wrote hymns as well. Philosophy

claimed her, and Albert the Great, the head of scholasticism, the teacher of Thomas Aquinas, decided in her favor the question, "Whether the blessed Virgin possessed perfectly the seven liberal arts." The Church at Chartres had decided it 100 years before by putting the seven liberal arts next her throne, with Aristotle himself to witness; but Albertus gave the reason: "I hold that she did, for it is written, 'Wisdom has built herself a house, and has sculptured seven columns.' That house is the blessed Virgin; the seven columns are the seven liberal arts. Mary, therefore, had perfect mastery of science."

Naturally she had also perfect mastery of economics, and most of her great churches were built in economic centers. The guilds were, if possible, more devoted to her than the monks; the *bourgeoisie* of Paris, Rouen, Amiens, Laon, spent money by millions to gain her favor. Most surprising of all, the great military class was perhaps the most vociferous. Of all inappropriate haunts for the gentle, courteous, pitying Mary, a field of battle seems to be the worst, if not distinctly blasphemous; yet the greatest French warriors insisted on her leading them into battle, and in the actual melee when men were killing each other, on every battlefield in Europe, for at least 500 years, Mary was present, leading both sides. The battle cry of the famous Constable du Guesclin

was "Notre-Dame-Guesclin"; "Notre-Dame-Coucy" was the cry of the great Sires de Coucy; "Notre-Dame-Auxerre," "Notre-Dame-Sancerre," and "Notre-Dame-Hainault"; all well-known battle cries. The king's own battle at one time cried, "Notre-Dame-Saint-Denis-Montjoie"; the dukes of Burgundy cried, "Notre-Dame-Bourgogne"; and even the soldiers of the Pope were said to cry, "Notre-Dame-Saint-Pierre."

The measure of this devotion, which proves to any religious American mind, beyond possible cavil, its serious and practical reality, is the money it cost. According to statistics, in the single century between 1170 and 1270, the French built 80 cathedrals and nearly 500 churches of the cathedral class, which would have cost, according to an estimate made in 1840, more than 5 billion francs to replace. Five billion francs is \$1 billion, and this covered only the great churches of a single century. The same scale of expenditure had been going on since the year 1000, and almost every parish in France had rebuilt its church in stone; to this day France is strewn with the ruins of this architecture, and yet the still preserved churches of the 11th and 12th centuries, among the churches that belong to the Romanesque and Transition period, are numbered by hundreds until they reach well into the thousands. The share of this capital

which was (if one may use a commercial figure) invested in the Virgin cannot be fixed, any more than the total sum given to religious objects between the years 1000 and 1300; but in a spiritual and artistic sense, it was almost the whole, and expressed an intensity of conviction never again reached by any passion, whether of religion, loyalty, patriotism, or wealth; perhaps never even paralleled by any single economic effort except in war. Nearly every great church of the 12th and 13th centuries belonged to Mary, until in France one asks for the church of Notre Dame as though it meant *cathedral*; but, not satisfied with this, she contracted the habit of requiring in all churches a chapel of her own, called in English the Lady chapel, which was apt to be as large as the church but was always meant to be handsomer; and there, behind the high altar in her own private apartment, Mary sat, receiving her innumerable suppliants, and ready at any moment to step forward to support the tottering authority of the local saint.

Expenditure like this rests invariably on an economic idea. Just as the French of the 19th century invested their surplus capital in a railway system in the belief that they would make money by it in this life, in the 13th they trusted their money to the Queen of Heaven because of their belief in her power to repay it with

interest in the life to come. The investment was based on the power of Mary as Queen rather than on any orthodox Church conception of the Virgin's legitimate station. Papal Rome never greatly loved Byzantine empresses or French queens. The Virgin of Chartres was never wholly sympathetic to the Roman Curia. To this day the Church writers, like the Abbé Bulteau or M. Rohault de Fleury, are singularly shy of the true Virgin of majesty, whether at Chartres or at Byzantium or wherever she is seen. The Fathers Martin and Cahier at Bourges alone felt her true value. Had the Church controlled her, the Virgin would perhaps have remained prostrate at the foot of the cross. Dragged by a Byzantine court, backed by popular insistence and impelled by overpowering self-interest, the Church accepted the Virgin throned and crowned, seated by Christ, the Judge throned and crowned.

If you are to get the full enjoyment of Chartres, you must, for the time, believe in Mary as Bernard and Adam de Saint-Victor did, and feel her presence as the architects did, in every stone they placed, and every touch they chiseled. You must try first to rid your mind of the traditional idea that the Gothic is an intentional expression of religious gloom. The necessity for light was the motive of the Gothic architects. They needed light and always more light, until they sac-

rificed safety and common sense in trying to get it. They converted their walls into windows, raised their vaults, diminished their piers, until their churches could no longer stand. You will see the limits at Beauvais; at Chartres we have not got so far, but even here, in places where the Virgin wanted it, as above the high altar, the architect has taken all the light there was to take. For the same reason, fenestration became the most important part of the Gothic architect's work, and at Chartres was uncommonly interesting because the architect was obliged to design a new system which should at the same time satisfy the laws of construction and the taste and imagination of Mary. No doubt the first command of the Queen of Heaven was for light, but the second, at least equally imperative, was for color. Any earthly queen, even though she were not Byzantine in taste, loved color; and the truest of queens, the only true Queen of Queens, had richer and finer taste in color than the queens of 50 earthly kingdoms, as you will see when we come to the immense effort to gratify her in the glass of her windows. The Virgin Mother in this instance repaid to her worshipers a larger return for their money than the capitalist has ever been able to get, at least in this world, from any other illusion of wealth which he has tried to make a source of pleasure and profit.

The next point on which Mary evidently insisted was the arrangement for her private apartments, the apse, as distinguished from her throne room, the choir; both being quite distinct from the hall, or reception room of the public, which was the nave with its enlargements in the transepts. This arrangement marks the distinction between churches built as shrines for the Deity and churches built as halls of worship for the public. The difference is chiefly in the apse, and the apse of Chartres is the most interesting of all apses from this point of view.

The Virgin required chiefly these three things, or, if you like, these four: space, light, convenience, and color decoration to unite and harmonize the whole. This concerns the interior; on the exterior she required statuary, and the only complete system of decorative sculpture that existed seems to belong to her churches: Paris, Rheims, Amiens and Chartres. Mary required all this magnificence at Chartres for herself alone, not for the public. As far as one can see into the spirit of the builders, Chartres was exclusively intended for the Virgin, as the Temple of Abydos was intended for Osiris. The wants of man, beyond a mere roof cover, and perhaps space to some degree, enter to no very great extent into the problem of Chartres. Man came to render homage or to ask favors. The Queen received

him in her palace, where she alone was at home, and alone gave commands.

The artist's second thought was to exclude from his work everything that could displease Mary; and since Mary differed from living queens only in infinitely greater majesty and refinement, the artist could admit only what pleased the actual taste of the great ladies who dictated taste at the courts of France and England, which surrounded the little court of the counts of Chartres. What they were, these women of the 12th and 13th centuries, we shall have to see or seek in other directions; but Chartres is perhaps the most magnificent and permanent monument they left of their taste.

Like all great churches that are not mere storehouses of theology, Chartres expressed, besides whatever else it meant, an emotion, the deepest man ever felt: the struggle of his own littleness to grasp the infinite. You may, if you like, figure in it a mathematic formula of infinity: the broken arch, our finite idea of space; the spire, pointing, with its converging lines, to unity beyond space; the sleepless, restless thrust of the vaults, telling of the unsatisfied, incomplete, overstrained effort of man to rival the energy, intelligence and purpose of God. The wood carving, the glass windows, the sculpture, inside and out, were done mostly in workshops on the spot, but

besides these fixed objects, precious works of the highest perfection filled the church treasuries. Their money value was great then; it is greater now. After 500 years of spoliation, these objects fill museums still, and are bought with avidity at every auction, at prices continually rising and quality steadily falling, until a bit of 12th-century glass would be a *trouvailler* like an emerald; a tapestry earlier than 1600 is beyond the hope of mere tourists; an enamel, a missal, a crystal, a cup, an embroidery of the Middle Ages belongs only to our betters, and almost invariably, if not to the state, to the rich Jews, whose instinctive taste has seized the whole field of art which rested on their degeneration. Royalty and feudality spent their money rather on arms and clothes. The Church alone was universal patron, and the Virgin was the dictator of taste.

The quarries at Berchères-l'Evêque are about five miles from Chartres. The stone is excessively hard, and was cut in blocks of considerable size; blocks which required great effort to transport and lay in place. The work was done with feverish rapidity, as it still shows, but it is the most solid building of the age, and is yet without a sign of weakness. Abbot Haimon, of Saint-Pierre-sur-Dives in Normandy, told, with more surprise than pride, of the spirit which was built into the cathedral with the stone:

"Who has ever seen!—Who has ever heard tell, in times past, that powerful princes of the world, that men brought up in honor and in wealth, that nobles, men and women, have bent their proud and haughty necks to the harness of carts, and that, like beasts of burden, they have dragged to the abode of Christ these wagons, loaded with wines, grains, oil, stone, wood, and all that is necessary for the wants of life, or for the construction of the church? But while they draw these burdens, there is one thing admirable to observe; it is that often when 1,000 persons and more are attached to the chariots—so great is the difficulty—yet they march in such silence that not a murmur is heard, and truly if one did not see the thing with one's eyes, one might believe that among such a multitude there was hardly a person present. When they halt on the road, nothing is heard but the confession of sins, and pure and suppliant prayer to God to obtain pardon. At the voice of the priests who exhort their hearts to peace, they forget all hatred, discord is thrown far aside, debts remitted, the unity of hearts established.

"But if anyone is so far advanced in evil as to be unwilling to pardon an offender, or if he rejects the counsel of the priest who has piously advised him, his offering is instantly thrown from the wagon as impure, and he himself ignominiously and

shamefully excluded from the society of the holy. There one sees the priests who preside over each chariot exhort everyone to penitence, to confession of faults, to the resolution of better life! There one sees old people, young people, little children, calling on the Lord with a suppliant voice, and uttering to Him, from the depth of the heart, sobs and sighs with words of glory and praise! After the people, warned by the sound of trumpets and the sight of banners, have resumed their road, the march is made with such ease that no obstacle can retard it. When they have reached the church they arrange the wagons about it like a spiritual camp, and during the whole night they celebrate the watch with hymns and canticles. On each wagon they light tapers and lamps; they place there the infirm and sick, and bring them the precious relics of

the saints for their relief. Afterwards the priests and clerics close the ceremony by processions which the people follow with devout heart, imploring the clemency of the Lord and of His blessed Mother for the recovery of the sick."

Of course, the Virgin was actually and constantly present during all this labor, and gave her assistance to it, but you would get no light on the architecture from listening to an account of her miracles, nor do they heighten the effect of popular faith. Without the conviction of her personal presence, men would not have been inspired; but, to us, it is rather the inspiration of the art which proves the Virgin's presence, and we can better see the conviction of it in the work than in the words. Every day, as the work went on, the Virgin was present, directing the architects.



Henry Adams, son of Charles Francis Adams and grandson of John Quincy Adams, was born in Boston, Mass., on Feb. 16, 1838. He graduated from Harvard in 1858, studied abroad, and was private secretary to his father when the latter was congressman and later minister to England. Thereafter for a time he did political writing in Washington. From 1870 to 1877 he was assistant professor of history at Harvard, for most of the period also acting as editor of the *North American Review*.

His *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* (1913, privately printed 1904) and *The Education of Henry Adams* (1918, privately printed 1906) revealed him as a writer of delicate sensibilities and refined taste. *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* is one of the most valuable studies of medievalism yet produced in America, not only for the aid which it affords in the appreciation of the literary and architectural monuments of the past, but for the conception which it gives of the animating forces which produced these monuments. He died in Washington on May 27, 1918.

Encyclopaedia Britannica.

House needs cleaning

Mexican Socialism

By JOHN W. WHITE

Condensed from the *Washington Post**

Mexico is fighting hard to keep its revolution on a straight democratic track and prevent its running off into a leftist or rightist ditch. A nationwide sensation has been caused by the official disclosure that for several years the country's school system has been under the firm control of the communist party, these disclosures following Pres. Avila Camacho's appointment of a new secretary of public education with orders to clean out the communists. At the same time, Congress has taken several steps to curtail fascist, nazi and other rightist activities which the senators and deputies consider constitute an even more dangerous threat against Mexico's democracy than that of the leftist organizations.

Editors and the reading public accept, as another move against the communists, the president's appointment of his brother, Gen. Maximino Avila Camacho, to be secretary of communications and public works. This puts under his control the roads, telephones, telegraphs, and especially the railroads, which recently had to be taken out of the hands of worker administrators after several years of scandalous mismanagement. The new secretary has carefully avoided any

specific statement against the communists, but he is an army man of strong will and action, who is known to have no patience with communist strikes and other agitations that seek to tie up communications; and several of his declarations have been accepted by the communists, as well as others, as rather broad hints that he will not tolerate any violence or agitation in the many public services that come under his ministry.

But all other government activities have been overshadowed for the moment by the reorganization of the ministry of public education and the statements made in congressional debate that more than half of Mexico's schoolteachers either are communists or belong to communist-controlled labor unions. The president has ordered that the teachers' unions must unite into one organization and sever all connection with labor unions.

It has been disclosed, and officially stated in Congress, that the communists got control of Mexico's ministry of education by use of the old well-known communist technique of over-staffing the personnel throughout the ministry. This permitted the invasion of the ministry by the three recognized classes of workers which the

**Washington, D. C.* Oct. 21, 1941.

party uses for this kind of effort: "special agents," "militant members," and "unconditional members" of the party.

The communist leaders and their small army of "militant" and "unconditional" party members put into practice a well-known communist weapon: the launching of a "bureaucratic terror" against the teachers and administrative employees who were not communists. In this way they soon gained control of the ministry and, consequently, of the education of the children and youth of Mexico, which was their main objective. Editors have pointed out that the entire present generation of Mexican youth was being educated to Stalinist ideology and against democracy.

A senator who has had access to the results of the new minister's investigation reported in the senate that 600 men and women who were on the ministry pay roll as teachers, took orders direct from the communist party, and spent all their time traveling about the country organizing communist cells, terrifying teachers who would not join their ranks, and sowing confusion and unrest generally. All these agitators were supplied with permanent passes on the government-owned railroads. They were granted what amounted practically to a permanent leave of absence from their duties in the ministry by communist department heads, without the

knowledge of the minister. Many editors consider it significant that the president chose the country's attorney general as the new minister to clean up this state of affairs.

There are 51,308 teachers in Mexico. The great majority of them belong to two teachers' trade unions, in addition to which there is a third union of some importance, and five or six smaller autonomous and purely local organizations. The largest teachers' union is known as STERM, the name being formed of the initials of the union's official name, *Syndicato de Trabajadores de la Ensananza de la Republica Mexicana*. STERM has 35 local sections and it has been declared in the senate that 24 of these sections are controlled by the communists. It is affiliated with the very leftist general labor federation known as the C.T.M., or *Confederation de Trabajadores de Mexico*. It is this affiliation that the president has ordered terminated.

STERM and its communist activities are blamed for the many schisms and the widespread animosity existing among professors and teachers throughout the country. The large communist majority has taken the control of education out of the hands of the ministry, and communist principles are being taught wherever there are communist sympathizing teachers. The teachers who are opposed to communism refuse to teach commu-

nist ideology to their classes. This has resulted in a wide divergence of opinion among teachers as to what should be taught. The main purpose of the reorganization ordered by the president is to terminate this anarchy.

At the extreme opposite of this situation lies the very rightist and very active *Sinarquista* movement, which is looked upon by everyone except its own members as a fascist spearhead against Mexican democracy that is being financed by some foreign power. The chamber of deputies unanimously adopted a resolution appointing a committee to call upon the president and request the dissolution of the party.

The *Sinarquistas* wear uniforms with an armband on the left sleeve; recognize a personal leader similar to the Duce and the Führer; use a salute similar to that of the nazis; are rabidly anticomunist, and have openly attacked democracy as represented by the U.S. and Great Britain. Two months ago the president sent a circular letter to the governors of all states and territories, forbidding the *Sinarquistas* to wear their uniforms or to meet in public. A few weeks later, however, he granted their request for permission to colonize Lower California with 100,000 *Sinarquista* families. Party leaders have since stated that 500,000 *Sinarquista* families will be transported to Lower California.

In the congressional debate which led up to the demand that the party be dissolved, it was argued that if the nature of the movement is so anti-Mexican and antidemocratic that the president has considered it advisable to prohibit it from meeting in public, it should not be permitted to exist. It was also stated in Congress that the proposed colonization of Lower California will constitute a grave threat against Mexico's safety and also against that of the U. S.

Another recent antifascist movement in the Mexican Congress is the organization of an interparliamentary committee composed of senators and deputies which will maintain strict and constant vigilance against totalitarian propaganda and other activities directed against Mexico's democratic institutions. The committee also proposed to organize a series of mass meetings throughout the country to acquaint the people with the dangers of totalitarian ideology; the congressmen feel that the public is not as alert to this danger as is the government.

All this recent agitation against both leftists and rightists has brought into public prominence the famous Article 3 of the Mexican Constitution which prohibits the teaching of religion in the schools and makes obligatory the teaching of socialism and the ideals of the Mexican Revolution. The main question being debated is

whether the socialism of the revolution was communism. The leftists insist that it was, but the president just as strongly insists to the contrary. The new minister of education has announced in the president's name that Article 3 will not be withdrawn,

but that the so-called reglementary law for putting it into operation will be rewritten to make it clear that the only socialism that will be permitted in Mexico is a purely Mexican socialism, admittedly leftist, but free from any contact with communism.



The Communist Way

Education must be socialistic and scientific, and hence must be directed against all religion and its practices, which are denounced as degrading superstitions; and social relations, which are based upon sex, must be exemplified scientifically. Hence religious symbols were replaced by pictures caricaturing the crucifixion and the Mass and the religious truths and services traditionally sacred; and for scientific exposition of social relations boys and girls were stripped naked in the schools to see with their own eyes the facts of sex. Even animals were exhibited in further illustration, and systematized, brutish and blasphemous devices were utilized.

This was the meaning of Calles' dogma that the child and youth belong, not to the home and family, but to the Revolution; and this was his set method of forming "a new national soul." Teachers unsympathetic or averse to the system were replaced by disciples of the Revolution, however unqualified educationally; and these, many of them ungrounded in the elements, qualified for favor and advancement in the degree of their zeal to inculcate blasphemy and sexual obscenity. They distributed free tickets to the lewdest movies; and, not content with object lessons in procreation, they took their pupils to maternity hospitals to witness parturition.

It was only when one of the girls who were thus outraged in all their instincts grew insane at the spectacle that the universal protests of parents, pupils, and people, and even the students of his own autonomous university, constrained Calles to replace Bassols, his minister of education, by a less crude though equally Red revolutionary.

From No God Next Door by Michael Kenny, S.J. (N. Y., Hirten: 1935).

God in Government

The essence of Americanism

By CLARENCE MANION

Condensed from a book*

When the American Colonies declared their independence in July, 1776, they not only dismounted from the British government, but they started to travel in a new and different direction. They dismounted because they were dissatisfied with the course that the British government was taking; and because they chose to take a different course, that is, to go in a different direction.

Unfortunately, we usually think of the Declaration merely as the American "jumping-off place." It was much more than that. It was also the American "starting-off place"; that is, the point where the independent American government started off in a *new* direction "on its own."

When it lost its American passenger, the British government was traveling the old road of dictatorship. On that road there was no such thing as recognition of the God-given liberty and the equality of mankind. On that road government steered its course by the compass of the old pagan principle of the all-powerful state. The American colonists literally begged the drivers of the British government to change the direction in which they were traveling and take the true road that led to recognition of, and protec-

tion for, the God-given rights of man. This new road was then entirely untraveled.

As the American Colonies set out on the new road, they served formal notice upon the British government and all the world. This notice described both *what* they were doing and *why* they were doing it. Furthermore, this formal notice described the new road that the American government was taking. This formal official notice is easily the most important document of American history; it is the first official act of the American government as such.

The destination of the new American government was then, as it is now, the full and complete protection of the God-given rights of man. At this point we should pause and carefully read this formal notice, the American Declaration of Independence, from beginning to end.

All good American citizens agree that the principles of American government should be firmly upheld. We also agree that, if necessary, we would give up our very lives in their defense. We honor the memory of the thousands of national heroes who gave their "last full measure of devotion" to those principles on the battlefield.

*Lessons in Liberty. 1939. U. of Notre Dame Press, Notre Dame, Ind. 297 pp. \$1.50.

But what are those principles? Will you find them in the Constitution of the U.S.? If so, what principles did the Revolutionary patriots die for? The Constitution was neither written nor adopted until many years after the Revolutionary War.

The word *principle* comes from a Latin word *principium*, which means "a beginning." When we seek the principles of anything, therefore, we must go to the *beginning* of that thing. We have seen that American government had its beginning with the Declaration of Independence. To find the principles of American government, therefore, we must look to the Declaration of Independence.

You will find these principles in the first sentence of the second paragraph. These are the principles that constitute the roots of the tree of American liberty—roots that are grounded in and draw their life from the soil of God's creative purpose:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Observe that "we hold these *truths* to be *self-evident*." If these declarations were truths in 1776, they are

truths today. If the American Revolution and the American government were originally justified because these declarations were true in 1776, then the present justification of our American system of liberty and democracy depends upon the fact that these declarations are *still true*. We cannot now deny the truths of these declarations without at the same time denying the sense and soundness of our present American democratic system. In other words, we cannot poison and destroy its roots and at the same time expect the tree of American liberty to continue to live and afford shade and protection for us.

These truths are therefore something more than the ideas and opinions held in July, 1776, by the signers of the Declaration of Independence. As believers in and defenders of the American governmental system of liberty and democracy, we also hold that these declarations are *true* and that they are *self-evident*. To say that these truths are self-evident means that we take them "on faith." This is another way of saying that the truth of these declarations is so compelling and so apparent that no argument or evidence is necessary to support them. We take them for granted as we take the air we breathe for granted, and as one takes the fact that he is alive for granted. The signers of the Declaration of Independence were thus men of *faith* as well as men of courage.

Good Americans today must likewise have faith. If we enjoy the good fruits and protective shade of the tree of American liberty, we must have faith in the self-evident truths that constitute its roots.

First of all, we hold this truth to be self-evident, "that all men are *created*." When we say that, we admit our debt of gratitude to God who gave us life. This is the first important act of faith that the signers of the Declaration of Independence performed. The atheist, the materialist, and the nonbeliever must part company with us at this point. Only God-fearing people can subscribe to this first fundamental of Americanism. There are many shallow thinkers in our country who give little or no thought to this connection between God and the government. Unfortunately, there are many others in the U.S. who are foolish enough to deny God's existence. Both the shallow thinkers and the atheists profess to be greatly devoted to the furniture (liberty), fixtures (democracy), and conveniences (protections) of our American governmental household, but, insofar as they are concerned, the household is built upon loose and shifting sand. They see no connection between the shade of the tree and the health of its roots. One of the primary obligations of our citizenship is to make these people root-conscious, to make them understand that the shade will last

only as long as the root lives, and that a proper defense of American independence, liberty and democracy calls for a wider and firmer faith in God, the Creator.

The second fundamental American principle is the self-evident truth that all men are "created equal." In considering this principle, the words *created* and *equal* must always be used together. We know, of course, that at no time during their lives on earth are all men equally strong, wise, industrious, or wealthy. The signers of the Declaration of Independence knew this as well as we do. What they declared was the fact, true then, as now, that all men are *created equal*, which is to say that all men are equal in the sight of God.

The standards of wealth, strength, wisdom, and the like, are the human and worldly standards of men, but these things mean nothing in the sight of the Creator. The perfect Father loves all of His children equally well. God's creative purpose demands strictly equal justice for all of His children. No class or group may be favored over other classes or other groups. Before God, there is no such thing as a class or a group. God deals with us as individuals.

As the possessor of an immortal (everlasting) soul, each individual has a personal relationship to God. In the possession of this soul, this individual is the equal of all other persons. Noth-

ing can change his individual personal relationship to God, nor alter the eternal purpose of that person's creation, namely, free service to God during his life on earth. Because the principle of human equality is such an essential factor in God's scheme of creation, and because the selfish human interests of men are so frequently served by denying it, this principle is a basic and necessary feature of our American system. It is for this reason that American government must always treat all American citizens as equals.

The third fundamental American principle is the self-evident truth that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, among which rights are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. *Unalienable* (or *inalienable*) means "something that cannot be taken from you nor be transferred away by you." The Declaration of Independence says that the rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are among these unalienable rights. The Declaration does not attempt to make a complete list of the unalienables, but it does name these three more obvious ones. The important thing about this part of the Declaration is that it states and accepts the principle that human beings are endowed by God with certain attributes "as God's creatures" which no person, group or government may take from them. Each person, therefore, has certain rights which every-

body, including governments, majorities and individuals, as well, are bound to respect under all circumstances.

The formal and official recognition of this principle constitutes the great difference between the American political system and that of every other civil government on earth. The pagan all-powerful government theory was built upon the notion that no citizen had any right that government was required to respect. The British government took this same dictatorial position with reference to the American colonists. The reference in the Declaration of Independence to "unalienable rights" is a clear, emphatic denial of the all-powerful-state theory. What is unalienable cannot be taken away by the government or anyone else. It is this self-evident truth concerning the God-given unalienables that constitutes the basis of American constitutional restrictions upon all branches of American government. Existence of the unalienables is the fundamental reason why our courts frequently decide that certain acts of American governmental officers are void and of no effect. When our courts make these decisions, they are merely restating the Declaration of Independence; saying that American government may not invade the field of the God-given unalienables.

From a practical standpoint, the next principle of American government is the most important principle

of all: "To secure these [unalienable] rights, governments are instituted among men." This describes the very heart of our American governmental system: that the government is a servant whose job it is to preserve and protect in each individual the rights that God gave him. This principle makes government a strictly protective agency. For untold centuries before the Declaration of Independence, governmental authority was generally recognized to be supreme and unlimited. The government was the master; the citizen or subject, merely the servant. The government told the subject-citizen what his rights and privileges were, and could change them at any time. Imagine, therefore, how revolutionary and startling this principle of the Declaration sounded to the governors of England, and to the rulers of the rest of the world in 1776. The former master became the servant, and the former servant became the master.

Prior to the Declaration of Independence, the citizen had existed for his government. Now, the American government was made to exist for the service of the citizen. From that day, every officer, law and division of American government has existed solely for the purpose of protecting the God-given rights of the American people. That protective purpose was then publicly and officially recognized as the true, self-evident and permanent ob-

jective of American government.

The Declaration of Independence tells us that the purpose of government stated therein is a self-evident truth. This is to say that this purpose never changes. Today, therefore, as in 1776, American government has no purpose but to protect the God-given rights of mankind. This is *why* our American government exists.

To secure these rights governments are instituted among men, "*deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.*" Here we find the first official reference to the institution known as democracy. The governmental servant is to be hired and invested with necessary power and authority by the "consent of the governed." Those who are to be protected must hire, equip, and authorize their governmental protector. Carefully repeat that portion of the Declaration of Independence beginning with "we hold these truths to be self-evident" and ending with "deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." Observe that the principle of democracy (consent of the governed) is subordinated to the other great principles which precede it. Five separate self-evident truths are recited before "consent of the governed" is mentioned. While the signers of the Declaration of Independence recognized the importance of democracy, they also recognized that there were certain truths about man's relationship

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to God and his government that were *more* important than democracy.

The rights that are to be guarded and protected are divine or God-made, while the government that is hired by the people to guard those rights is human, or man-made. Governments, therefore, do not rule by divine (God-made) right as the old kings insisted. On the contrary, governments rule by the exercise of man-made power.

The Declaration speaks of the *just* powers of government. The word *just* has a most important bearing upon the above quotation. The just powers of government are those which enable it to carry out its true, self-evident purpose, namely, the protection of the rights of man. Governmental power for any other purpose is *unjust* and unjustifiable, whether such power comes from the "consent of the governed" or not.

Consent of the governed is seldom, if ever, given by unanimous consent. Consent is usually indicated by popular voting; but whether the voting is upon candidates for public office, constitutional amendments, or upon a single question in a popular referendum, a large number of votes are always cast for the losing side. Popular elections are held to determine which one of two or more just courses of action the government shall take. According to the Declaration of Independence, the people can never direct

or empower the government to take a course of action that will deprive any person or group of persons of their unalienable God-given rights.

Naziism, communism, authoritarianism, and collectivism are terms sometimes used to describe totalitarian governments. These and all the other isms have this in common: they deny that the individual has any rights that the government must respect. The fact that the individual man is a personal creature of God, with an immortal soul and the necessary rights and immunities that naturally go with such a creature, is disregarded by all kinds of totalitarianism, including communism, socialism, fascism and naziism.

Both fascism and naziism cite the danger of communism as the reason for their drastic and rigorous control of their people. Communism and fascism are consequently assumed to be natural enemies. This impression prevails quite generally, and undoubtedly it is sincerely held by many. Both communists and fascists have taken advantage of this impression. Professional antifascists are usually communists in disguise. Leagues and associations against communism are the usual forms of nazi-fascist organizations. In spite of the widely prevailing impression about their opposition to each other, fascism and communism are identical in principle. It is highly probable that both of these

liberty-destroying isms will eventually join forces against all political systems that are based upon the immortality and independence of the individual human soul. Persons who love liberty and seek to perpetuate the reflection of God's creative purpose in man-made governments should forget the formal and methodical differences that appear to separate communism and fascism. Both communism and

fascism are totalitarian. Both deny the God-given rights of the individual. Both are opposed to God's creative purpose. Both are modern resurrections of the pagan all-powerful state. They have a common ambition: the destruction of the Christian concept of individual rights. The name of the political disease that kills the human spirit is unimportant. Unalienable rights are just as dead in either case.



The Enemy in the House

In the Declaration of Independence we find the essence of Americanism, the animation of the so-called "American way," the inspiration of our patriotism and the frustration of our dictatorial enemies. Without continued faith in these self-evident truths, our whole structure of constitutionally protected freedom collapses, and the controlling incentive of "something to fight for" immediately disappears.

The real enemies of America, therefore, are those intellectual fifth columnists who scoff at these self-evident truths while they deny that truth exists, that God exists, or that there is any such thing as the spiritual dignity of mankind. These scoffers are the highly placed leaders of secular skepticism to whom everything is relative and nothing is absolute. In the exalted estimation of these "intellectuals," the self-evident truths of the American Declaration of Independence are a palpably pious fraud which should never be repeated in the best intellectual circles.

If the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence are false, then Hitler is unequivocally right.

Clarence E. Manion in the *Chicago Herald-American* (2 Nov. '41).

Incident in a Chinese Camp

By A. J. CRONIN

Excerpt from a book*

When the last straggler had entered they locked the gates provisionally. At that moment Fu drew Father Francis Chisholm's attention to the cedar grove, some 300 yards to the left, on their own Jade hillside. In this clump of trees a long gun had unexpectedly appeared. Indistinctly, between the branches, the priest could see the quick movements of General Wai's soldiers trenching and fortifying the position. Though he knew little of such matters, the gun seemed a far more powerful weapon than the ordinary fieldpieces now in action. And even as he gazed there came a swift flash, followed instantly by a terrifying concussion and the wild scream of the shell overhead.

The change was devastating. As the new heavy gun deafeningly pounded the city, it was answered by a Naian battery of ineffectual range. Small shells, falling short of the cedar grove, rained about the mission. One plunged into the kitchen garden, erupting a shower of earth. Immediately a cry of terror rose in the crowded compound and Father Francis ran to shepherd his congregation from the open into the greater safety of the church.

The remainder of the day passed in a state of sick uncertainty. In the late

afternoon Father Francis liberated the children from the cellar and his congregation from the church to let them have a breath of air. At least they were unharmed. As he went among them, heartening them, he buoyed himself with this simple fact.

Then, as he finished his round, he found Joseph, his servant and catechist, at his side, wearing for the first time a look of unmistakable fear. "Master, a messenger has come over from the Wai gun in the cedar grove."

At the main gate three Wai soldiers were peering between the bars while an officer, whom Father Chisholm took to be the captain of the gun crew, stood by. Without hesitation Francis unlocked the gate and went outside.

"What do you wish of me?"

The officer was short, thickset and middle-aged, with a heavy face and thick mulish lips. He breathed through his mouth, which hung open, showing his stained upper teeth. He wore the usual peaked cap and green uniform, with a leather belt bearing a green tassel. His puttees ended in a pair of broken canvas plimsolls.

"General Wai favors you with several requests. First, you are to cease sheltering the enemy wounded."

*The Keys of the Kingdom. 1941. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 344 pp. \$2.50.

Francis flushed sharply, nervously. "The wounded are doing no harm. They are beyond fighting."

The other took no notice of the protest. "Secondly, General Wai affords you the privilege of contributing to his commissariat. Your first donation will be 800 pounds of rice and all American canned goods in your store-rooms."

"We are already short of food." Despite his resolution, Francis felt his temper rise; he spoke heatedly. "You cannot rob us in this fashion."

As before, the gun captain let the argument pass unheeded. He had a way of standing sideways, with his feet apart, delivering each word across his shoulder, like an insult.

"Thirdly, it is essential that you clear your compound of all whom you are protecting there. General Wai believes you are harboring deserters from his forces. If this is so they will be shot. All other able-bodied men must enlist immediately in the Wai army."

This time Father Chisholm made no protest. He stood tense and pale, his hands clenched, his eyes blazing with indignation. The air before him vibrated on a red haze. "Suppose I refuse to comply with these most moderate solicitations?"

The obstinate face before him almost smiled. "That, I assure you, would be a mistake. I should then most reluctantly turn our gun upon

you and in five minutes reduce your mission, and all within, to an inconsiderable powder."

There was a silence. The three soldiers were grimacing, making signs to some of the younger women in the compound. Francis saw the situation as cold and clear-cut as a picture etched on steel. He must yield, under threat of annihilation, to these inhuman demands. And that yielding would be but the prelude to greater and still greater demands. A dreadful sweep of anger conquered him. His mouth went dry; he kept his burning eyes fixed steadily on the sun-baked ground.

"General Wai must realize that it will take some hours to make ready these stores for him, and to prepare my people for their departure. How much time does he afford me?"

"Until tomorrow," the officer answered promptly, "provided you deliver to me before midnight at my gun position a personal offering of tinned goods together with sufficient valuables to constitute a suitable present."

Again there was a silence. Francis felt a dark, choking swelling of his heart. He said in a suppressed voice, "I agree. I have no alternative. I will bring you your gift tonight."

"I commend your wisdom. I shall expect you. And I advise you not to fail."

The captain's tone held a heavy

irony. He bowed to the priest, shouted a command to his men, and marched off squatly towards the cedar grove.

Francis re-entered the mission in a trembling fury. The clanging of the heavy iron gate behind him set a chain of febrile echoes ringing through his brain. What a fool he had been, in his fatuous elation, to imagine he could escape his trial. He, the dove-like pacifist. He gritted his teeth as wave after wave of pitiless self-anger assailed him. Abruptly, he rid himself of Joseph and of the silent gathering who timidly searched his face for the answer to their fears.

Usually he took his troubles to the church, but now he could not bow his head and tamely murmur: Lord, I will suffer and submit. He went to his room and flung himself violently into the wicker chair. His thoughts for once ran riot, without the rein of meekness or forbearance. He groaned as he thought of his pretty gospel of peace. What was to happen to his fine words now? What was to happen to them all?

Another barb struck him: the needlessness, the crass inanity of his aunt Polly's presence in the mission at such a time. He seemed to have the cares of all the world upon his bent incompetent shoulders. He jumped up. He could not, would not, yield, weakly, to the maddening menace of Wai's threat and the deadlier menace of that

gun which grew in his feverish imagination, swelled to such gigantic size it became the symbol of all wars, and of every brutal weapon built by man for the slaughter of mankind. He had no doubts now as to what he must do.

Outside the mission the deep darkness blindfolded him. But he went down the Brilliant Green Jade road towards the beleaguered city, rapidly, heedless of any obstacle.

At the Manchu Gate he was sharply halted and a lantern thrust close against his face, while the sentries scrutinized him. He had counted on being recognized—he was, after all, a familiar figure in the city—yet his luck went further still. One of the three soldiers was a follower of Shon who had worked all through the plague epidemic. The man vouched for him immediately, and after a short exchange with his companions agreed to take him at once to the lieutenant.

The streets were deserted, choked in parts with rubble and ominously silent. From the distant eastern section there came occasional bursts of firing. As the priest followed the quick padding footsteps of his guide he had a strange exhilarating sense of guilt.

Shon was in his old quarters at the cantonment, snatching a short rest, fully dressed, on that same camp bed which had been Dr. Tulloch's. He was unshaven, his puttees white with

mud, and there were dark shadows of fatigue beneath his eyes. He propped himself on his elbow as Francis entered.

"Well!" he said slowly. "I have been dreaming about you, my friend, and your excellent establishment on the hill."

He slid from the bed, turned up the lamp and sat down at the table. "You do not want some tea? No more do I. But I am glad to see you. I regret I cannot present you to General Naian. He is leading an attack on the east section, or perhaps executing some spies. He is a most enlightened man."

Francis sat down at the table, still in silence. He knew Shon well enough to let him talk himself out. And to-night the other had less to say than usual. He glanced guardedly at the priest. "Why don't you ask it, my friend? You are here for help which I cannot give. We should have been in your mission two days ago except that then we should merely have been blown to pieces together by that infamous Sorana."

"You mean the gun?"

"Yes, the gun," Shon answered with polite irony. "I have known it too well for a period of years. It came originally from a French gunboat. General Hsiah had it first. Twice I took it from him with great trouble, but each time he bought it back from my commandant. Then Wai had a

concubine from Peking who cost him 20,000 silver dollars. She was an Armenian lady, very beautiful, named Sorana. When he ceased to regard her with affection he exchanged her to Hsiah for the gun. You saw us try to capture it yesterday. It is not possible; fortified; across that open country; with only our *pif-paff* battery to protect us. Perhaps it is going to lose us our war, just when I am making a great personal advancement with General Naian."

There was a pause. The priest said stiffly, "Suppose it were possible to capture the gun?"

"No. Do not entice me." Shon shook his head with concealed bitterness. "But if ever I get near that dishonorable weapon I shall finish it for good."

"We can get very near the gun."

Shon raised his head deliberately, sounding Francis with his eyes. A glint of excitement enlivened him. He waited.

Father Chisholm leaned forward, his lips making a tight line. "This evening under threat of shelling the mission, the Wai officer who commands the gun crew ordered me to bring food and money to him before midnight—"

For a full minute nothing was said. Shon was thinking, behind his careless brow. At last he smiled—at least the muscles of his face went through the act of smiling, but there was

nothing of humor showing in his eyes.

"My friend, I must continue to regard you as a gift from heaven."

A cloud passed over the priest's set face. "I have forgotten about heaven tonight."

Shon nodded, not thinking of that remark. "Now listen, and I will tell you what we shall do."

An hour later Francis and Shon left the cantonment and made their way through the Manchu Gate towards the mission. Shon had changed his uniform for a worn blue blouse and a pair of coolie's slacks, rolled to the knee. A flat pleated hat covered his head. On his back he carried a large sack, tightly sewn with twine. Following silently, at a distance of some 300 paces, were 20 of his men.

Halfway up the Brilliant Green Jade road Francis touched his companion on the arm. "Now it is my turn."

"It is not heavy." Shon shifted the bundle tenderly to his other shoulder. "And I am perhaps more used to it than you."

They reached the shelter of the mission walls. No lights were showing; the outline which compassed everything Francis loved lay shadowy and unprotected. The silence was absolute. Suddenly, from within the lodge, he heard the melodious strike of the American chiming clock he had given Joseph for a wedding present. He counted automatically. Eleven o'clock.

Shon had given the men a final word of instruction. One of them, squatting against the wall, suppressed a cough which seemed to echo out across the hill. Shon cursed him in a violent whisper. Then men were not important. It was what Shon and Francis must do together that mattered. He felt his friend peering at him through the silent darkness.

"You know exactly what is going to occur?"

"Yes."

"When I fire into the can of gasoline it will ignite instantly and explode the cordite. But before that, even before I raise my revolver, you must begin to move away. You must be well away. The concussion will be extreme." He paused. "Let us go if you are ready. And for the love of your Lord of heaven keep the torch away from the sack."

Nerving himself, Francis pulled matches from his pocket and lit the split-reed flare. Then, holding it up, he stepped from the cover of the mission wall and walked openly towards the cypress grove. Shon came behind him, like a servant, bearing the sack on his back, as if groaning beneath its weight, taking care to make a noise.

The distance was not great. At the edge of the grove he halted, called out into the watchful stillness of the invisible trees, "I have come as requested. Take me to your leader."

There was an interval of silence; then, close behind them, a sudden movement. Francis swung round and saw two of Wai's men standing in the pool of smoky glare.

"You are expected, Bewitcher. Proceed without undue fear."

They were escorted through a formidable maze of shallow trenches and pointed bamboo stakes to the center of the grove. Here the priest's heart sharply missed a beat. Behind a breastwork of earth and cedar branches, the crew dispersed in attitudes of care beside it, stood the long-muzzled gun.

"Have you brought all that was demanded of you?"

Francis recognized the voice of his visitor of earlier that evening. "I have brought a great load of tanned goods—which will certainly please you."

Shon exhibited the sack, moving nearer, a trifle nearer, to the gun.

"It is not so great a load." The captain of the gun crew stepped into the light. "Have you brought money also?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?" The captain felt the neck of the sack.

"Not there." Francis spoke hurriedly, with a start. "I have the money in my purse."

The captain gazed at him, diverted from his examination of the sack, his expression lit by sudden cupidity. A group of soldiers had collected, their

staring faces all bent upon the priest.

"Listen, all of you." Francis held their attention, with a desperate intensity. He could see Shon edging imperceptibly into the fringe of shadow, closer, still closer to the gun. "I ask you—I beg you—to leave us unmolested in the mission."

Contempt showed in the captain's face. He smiled derisively. "You shall be unmolested—until tomorrow." Someone laughed in the background. "Then we shall protect your women."

Francis hardened his heart. Shon, as though exhausted, had unloaded the sack under the breech of the gun. Pretending to wipe the perspiration from his brow he came back a little towards the priest. The crowd of soldiers had increased and were growing impatient. Francis strove to gain one minute of extra time for Shon.

"I do not doubt your word but I should value some assurance from General Wai."

"General Wai is in the city. You will see him later."

The captain spoke curtly and stepped out to get the money. From the corner of his eye, Francis saw Shon's hand go beneath his blouse. It is coming now, he thought. In the same moment, he heard the loud report of the revolver shot and the impact of the bullet as it struck the oil tin inside the sack. Braced for the convulsion, he could not understand. There was no explosion. Shon in

swift succession fired three further shots into the tin. Francis saw the gasoline flood all over the sacking. He thought, with a kind of sick disillusionment yet quicker than the thudding shots: Shon was mistaken, the bullets won't ignite the gasoline, or perhaps it is only kerosene they put inside the tin. He saw Shon shooting into the crowd now, struggling to free his gun, shouting hopelessly to his own men to rush in. He saw the captain and a dozen soldiers closing on him. It all happened as swiftly as his thought. He felt a final, devastating wave of anger and despair. Deliberately, as though casting with a salmon rod, he drew back his arm and threw his torch.

His accuracy was beautiful. The blazing flare arched like a comet through the night and hit the oil-soaked sacking squarely in the center. Instantly a great sheet of sound and light struck at him. He no more than sensed the brilliant flash when the

earth erupted and amidst a frightful detonation a blast of scorching air blew him backwards into crashing darkness. He had never lost consciousness before. He seemed falling, falling, into space and blackness, clutching for support and finding none, falling to annihilation, to oblivion.

When his senses returned he found himself stretched in the open, limp but unhurt, with Shon pulling his earlobes to bring him round. Dimly he saw the red sky above him. The whole cypress grove was ablaze, crackling and roaring like a pyre.

"Is the gun finished?"

Shon stopped the ear tweaking and sat up, relieved.

"Yes it is finished. And some thirty of Wai's soldiers blown to pieces with it." His teeth showed white in his scorched face. "My friend, I congratulate you. I have never seen such a lovely killing in my life. Another such and you may have me for a Christian."



Beginnings...XXX...

RHODE ISLAND

First priest known by name: Abbé Claude Florent Bouchard de la Poterie, in Providence in 1789.

First dated Mass: By Abbé de la Poterie on Dec. 12, 1789.

First recorded Baptism: James and Elizabeth Gouffrane by John Thayer, missionary apostolic at Newport, Oct. 28, 1791.

Gilbert J. Garraghan in *Mid-America* (April '39).

Confusion in the Camp

By H. C. McGINNIS

Condensed from the *Grail**

We gyre and gimble in the wabe

These days we hear many charges that the nation lacks unity. Perhaps it should be said the nation lacks uniformity. There is very little dissension about the need for national defense, but there is a distinct division of opinion as to how we should go about it. There are many patriotic people who honestly believe our best defense lies in intervention; while others, equally patriotic and honest, believe that America's best defense lies in strict isolation.

Without discussing the relative merits of either intervention or isolation, let us review a few causes of the lack of uniformity and of the confusion which is so apparent, not only in the operations of high government activities, but also in the minds of the humblest citizens.

Americans are doing their level best to think through the world situation sanely and in the best interests of the nation's present and future. If confusion reigns in the national mind, it is not because of inferior thinking, but rather because various parts of the national picture do not match when put together.

While there was a strong current of opinion against the passage of the Lease-Lend bill—mostly because its

operation might carry us into an unwanted war—nevertheless public opinion began to back lease-lend aid to Britain and the nations suffering from aggression, as soon as the bill was passed. This attitude is in accord with the American tradition of going along with the majority will when expressed by congressional action. It is a strong American conviction that Congress is the medium through which public opinion makes itself known in the democratic manner; and, no matter how bitter the previous debate, the losing section of the public usually accepts the verdict of congressional action most gracefully, provided, of course, that no sharp parliamentary practices were used by the majority party to shut off proper debate and consideration of the question. But when national matters are not referred to that body for debate and action, a strong public reaction sets in. This reaction has been mistaken for public apathy to national dangers, when in reality it is a silent, stubborn unwillingness to be coerced, maneuvered, goaded or intrigued into a decision not made in accordance with usual democratic practices.

The American public accepted the Lease-Lend bill in the proper spirit

*St. Meinrad, Ind. November, 1941.

and started to buckle down to make it work; but since its passing, many things have cropped up which make many Americans doubtful of its wisdom.

With Americans beginning to pay huge taxes, scrimp and save to buy defense bonds, and suffer all kinds of inconveniences as the nation's peace-time production is curtailed to furnish war materials to Britain, it is naturally disturbing to read the headlines of an article which recently appeared in the *Washington Times-Herald*, as quoted in the *Congressional Record* of Aug. 25, 1941: Britons Here Make Whoopee as U. S. Pays; \$30,000 in Wine and Food Reported Charged to Lease-Lend Bill. The article states authoritatively that it is reported in "reliable congressional circles" that the British mission had already charged to the Lease-Lend bill over \$30,000 worth of meals and rare wines in one Washington restaurant alone. With 3,000 members of the British mission in this country, it is doubtful if we can, despite our enormous national wealth, afford to support them in the luxury to which they are unaccustomed.

The article further states that the British mission, not liking the Washington temperature and finding their hotel suites (good enough for Americans) insufficiently agreeable (despite the stuffiness of London bombproofs), purchased and charged to Lease-Lend

100 portable air-conditioning units. The article states these charges were denied at the British purchasing mission, but then one would scarcely expect them to be admitted, especially in view of the lightness with which truth is handled in matters of this kind these days. The article mentions also a stop order which was issued against unwarranted use of Lease-Lend funds, this case being one in which the officers of a British vessel being repaired in an American port tried to secure new uniforms to be charged to Lease-Lend. Congressman Paul Shafer of Michigan had this article inserted into the *Congressional Record*.

American small businesses are either seriously curtailing their production, thus laying off American workmen, or else shutting down entirely because of inability to get raw materials due to Lease-Lend priorities. Certainly the St. Louis manufacturer who was denied 150 pounds of aluminum tubing, which would have kept his plant running for several months, did not like to read in a Missouri periodical the statement of its Washington correspondent that, despite the denial of small amounts of aluminum which would give American workmen work to feed their families, Dunhill, the well-known English operator of tobacco shops in this country, is still selling Havana cigars, each individual cigar encased in an aluminum tube

which is being supplied by an American manufacturer.

Perhaps another reason for public confusion is the recent press report that American businessmen are complaining that they are being forced to compete against British goods fabricated out of Lease-Lend materials sent to Britain and paid for by American taxpayers. In other cases, American businessmen have explained they are forced to relinquish markets because of inability to secure raw materials, while Britain pleads with us for bigger and better shipments of the same materials to save them from disaster. Strangely enough, a few days later there were press reports that a British spokesman had admitted these charges were true in certain instances, stating that the British goal of business as usual throughout the world had the full support of the American government. It was evidently thought necessary to convince the few remaining neutral countries that Britain can continue to serve world markets at a profit while warding off what are intended to be her deathblows. Then, a day or so later, this admission was flatly denied, but Americans remembered other denials and couldn't feel too sure. Then there were reports, never convincingly denied, that, not too long ago, a new type of British commercial plane was displayed in South America to secure orders, while American airplane production was

straining every nerve and sinew to furnish planes for Britain's defense.

Americans do not understand why, when convoys were being strongly advocated last spring, and the British admiralty's own statements divulged the glaring fact that losses of shipments from America had been practically nothing, the reports of shipping losses were suddenly stopped, leaving Americans in the dark as to the progress of the battle of the Atlantic.

The clarifying of American public opinion is not furthered by the frequently made, rarely denied, charges that an American base is being established in Freetown, Africa, and that Americans are helping build bases in Northern Ireland. The fact that an overwhelming number of congressmen know nothing more about American international activities than appears in the newspapers is scarcely a consolation to Americans who depend upon Congress as their agent in the democratic process. Nor can the public understand the order for American warships to shoot on sight, unless we have entered the war without act of Congress, to which the Constitution expressly delegates the power to declare war. The mere statement that American tradition and previous examples warrant such action fails to convince when historical facts are consulted. Congress has never conceded its right to be the sole power to declare war.

Another point of national confusion is the persistent cuddling up of the British and American governments. Many Americans are beginning to wonder if they have just awakened to the true state of affection between Britain and America or, until lately, they have been having bad dreams. Americans, for some reason, seem to persist in remembering Mr. Churchill's statement, made shortly after the first World War, that the whole world situation would have been better had the Americans stayed at home. That was said, of course, after the fighting was ended. Nor can Americans forget what a tossing around American ideals for world democracy and justice received at the hands of her erstwhile allies, the British included, when the supposed purposes for which the war was fought were entirely overlooked as the Allies dived head over heels into the loot. Nor have they forgotten how Britain led the parade of debtor nations in refusing to pay her war debts, and busses containing American tourists were stoned in cities of our allies because the tourists were acclaimed children of "Uncle Shylock." Nor can they forget Britain's early promises of cash on the barrelhead and Churchill's statement, "Give us the tools and we will win the war; we have the men," which led to the Lease-Lend bill. Nor can they understand why, just a little later, it became necessary for Americans to

practically guarantee delivery as far as Iceland. Now, despite the fact that American manpower was claimed unnecessary, Americans are confused by the petulant impatience of the British at America's failure to furnish the soldiers for a new western front.

The national mind is naturally confused by two recently contradictory statements that American manpower would be a superfluous help and the other statement that civilization can be saved only by America's entry into the conflict with her full resources of men and dollars. But this confusion is hardly cleared away when Britain grumbles at the speed and amount of our charity, especially since our own boys are still training with wooden guns and with trucks marked as tanks; while machine gunners shoot firecrackers to appear realistic in maneuvers, and artillerymen flash mirrors to show their guns are supposed to have fired.

But if many such matters — and scores more, some much more serious — are subject to conjecture and opinion, "the record" is not. If Churchill's frequent boasts that Britain is winning the war without American shooting, boasts invariably followed by more urgent appeals for American aid and then again followed by more victorious blasts, are confusing to the American mind, some of our own contradictions are equally so.

With our government and various

officials calling blatantly for stringent national economy to save the nation, we find in Congress a proposal for an appropriation for a plaque to the inventor of the steel plow; \$5 million for a Benjamin Harrison National Forest in Indiana; an unestimated sum for an Andrew Johnson Memorial; \$50,000 for some kind of commemoration for Gen. William Campbell of the Revolutionary War; the same amount for a memorial for Maj. Gen. Jacob Brown; one for \$50,000 for a tribute to Maj. Gen. Henry Knox; one, unestimated as yet, for Leif Ericson; and another one for Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, among others.

With the President warning us of the stern necessity for preparing for a battle to the finish in American economy, the American public is deeply confused by his truly remarkable persistency in trying to force through Congress, under the guise of a defense measure, his pet St. Lawrence Waterway proposition, a matter which for years has never been able to stand alone on its own merits but which may now be adopted as a defense measure, even though it will take years to complete, millions in money, and much manpower, vitally needed elsewhere. We also find recommended as a defense measure the ill-odored Florida ship canal, a tidy little pork-barrel started back in the early days of the depression without congressional

consent. Now, with the nation facing its greatest expenditures and a mammoth tax bill which will lower considerably the American standard of living, we again find this monstrosity up for passage, together with a \$28 million Savannah river project, a \$23 million Columbia river job, a \$66 million Tombigbee river project, and various porky items. The American public cannot be blamed if it doesn't understand whether it is to save or squander.

The American public is, of course, perfectly willing to economize along lines in which scarcities exist, but it can never be sure from the information it receives whether or not the scarcities are real or are only a part of a "war-scare psychology." The recent gasoline shortage fiasco is a prime example and is too recent to require repeating. Imagine the sheepishness of those patriotic and conscientious Americans who curtailed their riding when the alleged shortage was announced, and who scurried around arranging for men to ride to work together, often at a great inconvenience. Imagine their scorn of those who persisted in using as much gasoline as usual, and then imagine how red their faces became when they found out the whole affair was a hoax.

Another excellent example of the "Wolf!" cry is the recent extension of the selectees' term of service. Reluc-

tantly the public agreed to disregard the one-year promise made to the boys, feeling that the increased emergency demanded this breaking of faith. Then to the chagrin and amazement of all, the extension's passage was almost immediately followed by the announcements by high army officials that the boys would be released in approximately 14 months, due to lack of necessity for holding them longer.

The American public has demonstrated time after time that it hates

Hitlerism and all national banditry, that it is willing to aid Britain, that it is willing to sacrifice to the limit for national safety and to fight for freedom if a real necessity exists, yet it is daily accused of apathy and an extremely low morale. The fact is that the American public is desperately anxious to become uniform in its efforts to do what is best, but, strive as it does, it meets rebuff after rebuff in its efforts to secure any reliable information which will permit it to make up its democratic mind.



Flights of Fancy

She was suffering from fallen archness.—*F.P.A.*

Dawn turned on her purple pillow.—*Sara Teasdale*.

Laziness breeds human gimme pigs.—*Milwaukee Journal*.

Folks snug in bed and knee-deep in dreaming.—*Louis J. Sanker*.

The fog sat on the window sill and peered in.—*Elizabeth Jordan*.

Sales resistance is the triumph of mind over patter.—*Milton Wright*.

When a gossip puts 2 and 2 together, it makes 22.—*Wendle Ware*.

Calm, as if she were always sitting for her portrait.—*Henry James*.

What the new car models need is chatterproof glass behind the driver's seat.

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Exact source must be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

Women purswoed him.—*Radic Harris*.

He spoke in the best tavernacular.—*Joel Gromowski, C.P.*

Her cutting words left scars of the first magnitude.—*S.M.M.*

No more hospitality than a padlock.—*M. Eleanor Fennessy*.

He arose, joint by joint, as a carpenter's rule opens.—*O. Henry*.

Positive: mistaken at the top of one's voice.—*Holy Name Journal*.

He started the sermon; went away and left his voice talking.—*Roch Adamek, C.P.*

He not only could cock an eyebrow, but could also produce in his victim a feeling that he had aimed and fired it.—*Zona Gale*.

The Freedom to Teach

He kept us unflinching

Condensed from *Catholic Action*•

Robert T. Meyer is not a Catholic. In 1919 he was a teacher in a Lutheran parochial school in a little town in Nebraska, and very few Catholics, even in his own state, have ever heard of him. Because of Robert T. Meyer, however, millions of Catholics in the U.S. are enjoying a freedom of education they might not otherwise have had.

There are known now, a little better than in 1919, two theories of educational control. One theory is that the state, and the state alone, has the right to determine the kind of education its citizens shall receive. The other theory, the one of Catholic doctrine, is that the family has the right to decide the kind of education its children shall be given, except in abnormal cases.

Meyer was teaching in a little Lutheran country school at Zion Corners, when the Nebraska legislature passed the Siman law in 1919. The Siman law provided that no language other than English should be taught or used in any grade below the 9th in any private, denominational, parochial or public school of the state. On its face, it merely restricted a course of study. Actually, in taking away from the family the right to say what its children should be taught, it struck at

the root of all freedom of education. If the Siman act held, then Nebraska or any other state could say what children should be taught in any and all schools. It would be only a step from the prohibition of foreign languages to the prohibition of any form of religious teaching.

Both Catholics and Lutherans of Nebraska realized how the law menaced them. They took steps to procure its annulment, but the process was long. While it was in progress the law went into operation at Zion Corners.

One day in 1920, Meyer was conducting an extracurricular Bible class in the German language. He was doing this at recess under the impression that he could give this instruction if he held the classes outside the regular school hours. He was telling the story of Joseph and his brethren.

A shadow fell across the floor of the schoolroom. Looking up, Meyer saw in the doorway the county attorney. The man paused, giving him a chance to shift from German to English. "I knew," Meyer said afterward, "that if I changed he would say nothing, do nothing. If I continued in German he would have me arrested. I told myself I must not flinch. And I did not flinch."

•N.C.W.C., *Apostolic Mission House, Brookland Sta., Washington, D. C. October, 1941.*

"Why didn't you?" he was asked.

"It was my duty to stand firm. I am not a pastor, but I am a teacher, and I have the same duty to uphold my religion. I was doing that."

He was arrested, fined and taken to jail. Men offered to pay his fine but he refused to allow them. His case, taken finally to the supreme court of the U.S. by the late Arthur F. Mullen of Nebraska, constituted the core of the famous freedom-of-education cases which assured the right of private schools to teach any subject not subversive. Decided in 1923, they were the precursors of the better-known Oregon school cases.

In the decision of the Meyer case, which Mullen pleaded not on the 1st but on the 14th amendment to the Constitution, the supreme court handed down this dictum, one of the broadest instruments of freedom ever given a people:

"While the court has not attempted to define with exactness the liberty thus guaranteed, the term has received much consideration and some of the included things have been defi-

nitely stated. Without doubt, it denotes not only freedom from bodily restraint but also the right of the individual to contract, to engage in any of the common occupations of life, to acquire useful knowledge, to marry, establish a home and bring up children, to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and generally to enjoy those privileges long recognized at common law as essential to the orderly pursuit of happiness by free men."

The supreme court in rendering its decision in the Oregon school cases referred to the doctrine of the Meyer v. Nebraska case when it proclaimed: "The fundamental theory of liberty upon which all governments in this Union repose excludes any general power of the state to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instruction from public teachers only. The child is not the mere creature of the state; those who nurture him and direct his destiny have the right, coupled with the high duty, to recognize and prepare him for additional obligations."



Paul Gallico, adapting the life of the late Lou Gehrig for the screen, had to commit a bit of pardonable poetic license here and there. In story conference with Mrs. Gehrig the other day, he read to her his romantic cinema version of their love and courtship. Paul came to the scene of how the Gehrigs met; entranced, she breathed, "Gee! Did they get married?"

Peggy McEvoy in the *Ladies Home Journal* (Nov. '41).

Hitler's Trap for Germans

The last state shall be worse

By JOSEPH C. HARSCH

Condensed from the *Sign**

Hitler has a continent of captured slaves. He is trying to hold those slaves in subjection and conquer the rest of the world with them who are now, after two years of war, so bound by circumstances to his military chariot that they are willing to do his bidding.

For the German people are today compromised by Hitler's cleverness into fighting a war they never wanted, for a regime most of them despised, to a goal they distrusted.

This may seem, at first glance, like either a fantastic or a fanatical statement. But it is plain, cold fact. The German people are today in the position of the galley slaves on a Roman man-of-war. The life of every slave chained to the oars of such a ship depended on its success in battle. If the ship went down, they went down with it. If the ship was victorious they at least had their lives, although they were lives scarcely worth keeping.

This analogy may not be true in factual prospect, but it is true in the minds of Germans. If the Churchill-Roosevelt pact of the Atlantic is to be accepted as the pattern for a new world based on an Allied victory, then the future life of the German

people after a Hitler defeat could be better than under a Hitler victory. But the German people have no faith in such a prospect. Nazi propaganda has convinced them that Versailles was an unjust peace and that another defeat would bring a worse Versailles.

On the other hand, Hitler, by the very nature of his plans and performances, has succeeded in convincing the German people that victory will bring them great material benefits. The German people have been caught in the web of Hitler's devising and nothing is going to separate them from his war aims except the actual defeat of the German armed forces. They are with him and supporting him. This is an unpleasant fact, but it must be faced.

The story of how this happened is compounded from the character of the German people themselves and from the manner in which Hitler carried out the first two years of his war. The Germans as individuals are, as every fair-minded person knows, intelligent, industrious, and well-intentioned people. But as a nation they lacked the political maturity to foresee the trap into which they were being led.

Hitler has always been a master in

understanding his own people. He knew what would frighten them, and what would whet their appetites for military conquest. And he knew how far he could go against their better judgment without fear of popular opposition.

He got them into the war because they lacked the political initiative to avert either his regime, which they did not want, or the war, which was even more contrary to their desires. And once he got them into the war, the rest was easy. He arranged and executed the war to do two things: to make them afraid of defeat and to make them desire victory.

Take first the reasons for desiring victory. The average German considers himself more capable and more advanced than the peoples which surround him on the continent of Europe. His good qualities are very different from those of the Pole or Slav or Italian or Frenchman. And perhaps, more than most people, the German is aware of his own good qualities and blind to those of his neighbors. He does not see, as much as he should, that these different peoples complement each other.

Because the Slav is less efficient, the German considers the Slav inferior, overlooking the fact that the Slav has greater imagination, artistry, and poetry in his soul than the German. Because the Frenchman is a supreme individualist and therefore is incap-

ble of uniform mass thought and mass action, the German considers him inferior, overlooking the fact that the Frenchman has achieved a more balanced way of life.

That is the intangible and philosophical reason for German victory which Hitler has inflamed and nourished. In addition, he has given many tangible and material reasons. The first winter of war was the hardest for Germans in terms of privation. It was a black and miserable winter unrelieved by victories. Civilian morale was in a morass of pessimism and abject fear. It was, however, an ideal foundation for what followed, because the German people have ever since been looking back to that first bad winter and reasoning therefrom that the worst is over.

Actually this was all part of the plan. There was no need for the extreme privations imposed on civilians at the outset. Food and clothing were not as scarce as the rations implied. The condition was deliberately exaggerated to provide a contrast between life before victory and life after victory. And the contrast has been striking. With every new conquest, privations have been lightened. After Denmark, it was bacon. After Holland, it was coffee and cheese. After France, it was silk stockings.

The second way of giving the public a taste of loot was through the troops. Each German soldier in an

occupied country was privileged to send back into Germany a weekly package weighing four kilograms (2.2 pounds). Immediately after the French capitulation there were somewhere in the neighborhood of 3 million German soldiers in France. That would mean that 3,000 tons of French consumers' goods went into Germany every week, in soldiers' packages alone, as long as the supply lasted. The supply, of course, did *not* last very long. When it ended, it meant that every pound of coffee and tea, every slab of chocolate, every pair of shoes and silk stockings, every cake of soap which a German soldier could obtain with money or intimidation had left France and gone to Germany.

More important than any of these inducements was the widening horizon of opportunity which each conquest opened up for German youth. Food is something you eat and then need again. A better job is something which lasts and assures a continuing supply of food. Just as Hitler has whetted an appetite for loot by what has come into Germany after each conquest, so also has he whetted the German appetite for better jobs.

Germany is a nation of some 80 million persons. Within their own country on its own resources, a large proportion of the population must be content with farm and factory labor; for only a small minority can be fac-

tory managers, judges, ambassadors, artists, musicians, bank presidents, generals, editors. But if all the positions of desirable rank throughout the entire continent of Europe are to be denied to non-Germans, then the proportion of Germans to hold better positions will constantly increase.

That is the promise which lies at the end of the nazi rainbow. There is hardly a bank, business, industry, or property in any occupied country which has not already passed into German control and ownership. Back in Germany itself the hard and low-paid work is already being done by imported semislave labor. In every occupied country German employment agencies have been set up which contract labor under rigid conditions.

A Frenchman may hate to work in Germany under harsh and restricted conditions. But when he sees his wife and children in semistarvation and can find no work in France, he actually does accept the German bribe. The result is that unskilled and semi-skilled labor is being moved into Germany from France and from other countries to release Germans for military service, or to enable them to take over the top-bracket positions in the newly won areas.

This process is not restricted to labor alone. It applies to the professions and the arts as well. Non-Germans are being rapidly denied access to college and university educations

which are the gateway to the professions. And nazi standards automatically eliminate non-Germans from any profitable practice of the arts.

It is not a pleasant sight to see a great nation being debauched by loot. But that is what has happened. Hitler fed his people on loot to dull their ethics and morals. And they have taken the bribe.

The other side of the story results equally in driving them into formation behind Hitler's war chariot. Defeat means the loss of all these advantages and of all these prospects of individual advancement. Defeat now, after what has happened, would mean that every German root sunk into the economic life of every conquered country would be torn out mercilessly.

The astronomical cost of arming Germany for war, which has been saddled on the backs of the conquered peoples, would have to be re-assumed by the German people themselves. For Germany has not and is not paying for its armies. It has already been paid through the device of forced acceptance by conquered countries of German paper at an arbitrary rate of exchange. Here is the

explanation of how Germany survived so long on an unbalanced budget. Hitler intended war and conquest, and he intended through the process to balance his budget. And he has done so. German defeat inevitably means, therefore, the bankruptcy of Germany, which Hitler's policies made inevitable.

These are all real reasons why a German fears defeat. And there are more which are problematical, and still more which are ogres conjured up by the propaganda ministry to terrify the German people if the reasons cited prove insufficient.

Hitler has built up a terrific hatred throughout Europe for the name of German. It is impossible to predict what would happen in the event of a complete German defeat. Perhaps hatred would give way to pity, or perhaps the victors would be moved by compassion for the German people themselves who have been so tragically misled and seduced by their leaders. But unless such impulses dominate at the end, the chances are that Europe will witness a wave of massacres of Germans unparalleled since the Dark Ages.



The reiteration of slogans, under the name of "indoctrination for democracy," is not much better than the reiteration of lies as practiced by the nazis. When a person equipped with the liberal arts has critically studied the tradition of the western world and faced the basic theoretical questions, he is proof against the seductions of the New Order. The reason why we may justly fear foreign propaganda today is that we are uneducated.

Robert Maynard Hutchins in *Harper's Magazine* (Oct. '41).

"According to Reliable Sources...."

Keep the salt within reach

By MARCEL L. BARON

Condensed from the *Atlantian**

Practically all war correspondents use "according to reliable sources" as a stock phrase. Somehow these gentlemen seem to think that by using those words the public will be 100% convinced that the story is strictly authentic.

"Diplomatic quarters" or "usually reliable sources" can mean almost anything at all, or nothing. It can mean a suggestive word dropped by a diplomat at a garden party. It might mean the alcoholic mumblings of the third-rate military attaché of a fourth-rate power at a not-too-respectable night club. It could also mean that the scrubwoman in the chancellery of a foreign power has overheard a few words which the consul general exchanged with one of his secretaries. For a small fee that worthy may be induced to pass on these valuable tidbits to the inquiring scribe, who hurries to his typewriter to transmit them into an "exclusive report."

In reality, the newspapermen who cover the war have a very difficult time getting their copy into the hands of their editors. Even the most innocent mail stories are strictly censored by the authorities. The blue pencil and the scissors work overtime.

Some of the correspondents try to

smuggle their stories out of the country by various means, but if found out they are expelled immediately. So things are not easy for them, and beyond the military communiques, which are released to all correspondents at the daily press conferences, there is very little in the way of extra news.

Some radio commentators have lately tried to give the impression that they have some secret method of obtaining exclusive news from "behind the scene." In reality most of them analyze the daily news reports, mix them with personal experiences and guesswork, apply a bit of mass psychology, and there is your "confidential report."

The correspondents of large broadcasting systems in foreign capitals are almost completely gagged. They must make use of the officially released communiques and submit their radio scripts to the censor. After their script has been robbed of everything of possible interest to the listener, and everything that might reflect adversely upon the government from whence the broadcast originates, the correspondent may go on the air. His pronunciation is carefully noted, because in pronouncing a word differ-

*U. S. Penitentiary, Atlanta, Ga. October, 1941.

ently he may give the sentence another meaning and thus turn over valuable information to the enemy. Once he makes such a "mistake" he is a lucky man if he is merely discredited and deported.

If the truth emerges from the combat-ridden regions it reaches this country in the diplomatic pouch or by special State Department courier so that the administration may know the news first. Britain has her wartime censors relentlessly on the job.

There are hundreds of people in the German propaganda ministry who prepare statements to the foreign press in all languages, and these naturally contain only news items that Germany wishes to release. Everything else is suppressed.

An excellent job of reporting was done by Leland Stowe in Norway. His accuracy and speed were amazing. Quentin Reynolds, the author of the script for the picture, *London Under Fire*, was another of those who scored a real hit. Abend in China, Duranty in Russia and Byas in Tokyo. These are the men who get the "stuff" if any getting is to be done. The job is an exceedingly difficult one at this point, and since both sides spend millions of dollars for propaganda purposes, one can well imagine that the most alert and conscientious reporter has a hard time gathering unbiased news.

An instance in point is the story of

the assassination of the Rumanian Premier Duca. He was murdered in a small Rumanian village while inspecting troops. One minute after the assault the reporters in his entourage telephoned the news to Bucharest and Reuter's Agency and the UP informed Paris within three minutes. From there the *New York Times* and the UP had the report in New York within another ten minutes by press wireless. That was during the autumn of 1933. Today, if these things are not hushed up for fear of repercussions, the world at large will get the news days later. Denials, communiqües and countercontradictory news bulletins will follow. And maybe, then, the truth, *maybe*. So it all shows that we must not take those news "flashes" too seriously. The story behind the story will be told after this war is over, and only then will we come to know what actually transpired.

An excellent example of the complexity of foreign news reportage is the situation of correspondents in the Far East. In the Occident, there is always a proper authority available who can endorse or refute a report. In the Orient, newspapermen must depend mainly on the communiqües that the army and navy spokesmen of the Japanese forces release. Few are allowed into the interior of China and no foreign newsmen may accompany the Japanese into the battle zone.

There is, logically, the germ of a truth in every story and that bit of truth is *news*. The real chore is that of determining by comparison with other reports, by gauging with current techniques of mendacity, by consultation with many sources or experts, by simple prescience, the worth, truth and importance of every piece of news that comes to the spindle. Nothing can be actually and definitely verified, and news services must gauge reports by the foregoing methods, file them through to their papers the way they come to hand, or merely file them away for eternity.

Naturally, this is a great opportunity for the propagandists, and the Japanese, opportunists always, do not fail to make use of it. Nothing can be disproved in time to matter (a

three-week-old retraction is not very effective in a new crisis), and so all sorts of reports, dressed-up rumors and "renovated" bulletins are released whenever Japan believes that a squeeze play will work.

Considering the limitations—the legitimate handicaps as well as the Machiavellian pollutions of journalistic communications in the name of propaganda, and the insidious attempts of those in our own midst to curtail or color the fund of public information—it is apparent that Americans who wish to understand and think and act clearly must, in reading their papers and listening to their radios, carefully discriminate, remembering always that there is many a typewriter betwixt the event and its appearance in the newspaper.



Life As It Is

A young mother who wished to have her 4th-grade daughter "see life as it is" recently took the child with her when she delivered a gift of clothing and food to a poor family. The woman they called on was grateful, talkative, and very specific in recounting her troubles. The child was plainly bored.

"Things weren't so bad for us before my husband was murdered," the woman finally explained. The mother looked quickly at the child hoping she was not too shocked. The child's face lighted up.

"Was your husband's throat slashed or was he stabbed or shot in the back?" the little girl asked with great interest and no sympathy.

The Commonwealth (31 Oct. '41).

Behind the Camera

By S. BURKE

Condensed from the *Liguorian**

No rabbit from a hat

Photographs of street scenes, landscapes, and flower gardens are frequently made nowadays with exposures of 1/25 of a second. Less common, but not unusual, are pictures taken of a bird in flight at 1/150 of a second. The papers recently carried an excellent reproduction of a hockey player seemingly suspended some two feet off the ice and in the process of making a swift turn, a picture that was caught with an exposure of 1/200 of a second. Yet these are all relatively slow "takes" in comparison with the exposure of 1/1000 of a second that has caught a group of birds taking off from a pond, and the still more rapidly winking shutters that have captured a bullet in flight or the whirring wings of a hummingbird as if at a standstill.

These accomplishments sound like miracles of science, but consider how long was the process that made them possible. Just about 100 years ago a photographer took a picture of his sister. In preparation for the picture he had coated her face with white powder. Then the girl had to stand perfectly still for a ten-minute exposure at high noon, and the picture that resulted was anything but clear and distinct. Nevertheless that ten-

minute exposure was called the miracle of its day; for not so long previous to it seven to eight hours were considered the normal time required to take even a very dim and shadowy picture.

The beginning of the science and art of photography might be called an accident. While the medieval alchemists were putting about their boiling cauldrons and mysterious-looking test tubes, they frequently chanced upon new chemical compounds that had distinctive properties. One such new compound that came into being acted very strangely when exposed to light; the light's rays always caused it to darken on whatever substance it happened to lie. They simply blessed the new substance with the poetic name *luna cornea* and then set it aside.

For many years *luna cornea* remained on the shelf. One day in 1777 a Swedish chemist named Scheele decided to experiment with the queer compound. By this time it had picked up the new name of horn silver, and by some was already being called by the name it has retained to this day, silver nitrate. Scheel observed during the course of his experiments that each ray of the spectrum had a differ-

*Oconomowoc, Wis. November, 1941.

ent effect upon silver nitrate, some darkening it deeply, others leaving but a faint imprint. Though undreamed of by the chemist, this observation was to become the basis for the whole science of photography.

It was Thomas Wedgwood who, in the year 1802, first applied the peculiar properties of silver nitrate to the taking of pictures. Perhaps they should not rightly be called pictures, because they were only silhouettes or shadow pictures. He would take an object such as a leaf or an insect and place it on a sheet of paper that had been treated with silver nitrate. Then the sheet would be exposed to the sunlight, and as a result all the silver nitrate except that covered by the object would become dark. Of course, when the leaf or insect was removed, a distinct outline of it would remain on the paper.

As yet, however, the impressions made through this simple process were very dim and by no means permanent. It became, therefore, the absorbing aim of scientists to find a formula that would bring out the image clearly. Among those who worked on this problem was the Frenchman Daguerre. One day, after hours of experimenting, he chanced to place the metallic plates on which he had taken faint images after the manner of Wedgewood, in a closet where he kept his chemicals.

The following morning Daguerre

opened the closet to take his plates and continue his experiments. He was astounded to find on the topmost plate a much stronger and clearer image than had been there the night before. It was just what he was looking for, but as yet he had no idea as to what brought about the amazing result. Without a doubt, he reasoned, some chemical in the closet had produced the change in the intensity of the image. But which of the numerous chemicals was it? He knew he would have to test every one of them.

Every evening thereafter, Daguerre placed in the closet a plate on which he had taken a faint image, at the same time removing one of the chemicals. Each morning when he opened the closet he expected to find the dim image unchanged, thus proving that the chemical he had removed was the one that had previously sharpened the image. But morning after morning, full of hope, he returned to the closet only to find that the faint image had become stronger during the night. Finally, he was down to the last chemical. Surely this was the one. Like a conspirator about to consummate his final plan, he placed a plate with a dim image on it in the closet and withdrew the last chemical. This plate would surely be unchanged. But again he was wrong. During the night the stronger image was brought out again.

Daguerre realized that an effect

must have a cause. He set to work on a thorough examination of the whole closet itself. It was then that he discovered the secret. A few drops of mercury had been spilled, seeping into the very cracks of the floor. The vapor arising from the mercury had caused a chemical reaction on the exposed plate, thus causing the latent image to develop. He immediately began to apply his discovery, and the first fairly clear images, or photographs, were given to the world.

Almost simultaneously with Daguerre's announcement of his find came news that an Englishman named Talbot had produced the same results with the aid of bromide of potassium.

A clear, strong image could now be developed, but it could not as yet be retained. The silver-nitrate solution on a plate remained sensitive to light rays after a picture had been taken, but exposure to light would dim any picture. A search was therefore begun for a chemical that would prevent light rays from having any further effect on the developed image. It was Sir John Herschel who in 1840 hit upon a chemical compound that would produce this result. It was hyposulphite of soda, sometimes called just hypo.

From the time when the first silhouette pictures had been taken there was a great deal of interest in perfecting an instrument inside of which pictures might be taken. The first

such instrument was the *camera obscura*, invented by Baptista Porta of Padua. This was merely a lightproof box with an opening at one end through which light rays were permitted to carry an image to the sensitized paper within. The first exposures with a camera of this kind lasted from seven to eight hours. Animated objects were of course excluded from photography under those conditions, unless they could assume a petrified position for a third of a day. This exclusion proved incentive enough to bring about the discovery that lenses not only sharpened images taken, but also shortened the time necessary for exposure. It was not, however, until about 1884 that a really practical camera was invented by M. Schmid.

In all the early-type cameras, sensitized paper was used as the direct recipient of the object photographed. A clear, permanent image could be obtained directly on this paper. There was no negative and therefore no prints could be made. The first practical negative was introduced by Scott Archer in 1851 in the form of a glass plate coated with a sensitized solution of silver nitrate. From such a plate he showed how prints could be made.

Even the negative, however, had to pass through an evolution. Archer's plates were wet plates; and had to be prepared immediately before use. This necessitated the carrying of a great deal of equipment and entailed con-

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siderable delay and trouble before one could do any actual picturetaking. Before long, a dry plate that could be prepared long before use had been invented by Henry J. Newton. R. L. Madox of England improved the dry plate until it was as efficient as the wet by coating it with a solution of isinglass and bromide of silver. The glass itself finally gave way to the celluloid film invented by John Carbutt of Philadelphia.

What might be called the final act in the drama of photography took place when George Eastman invented the kodak in 1888. Up to that time photography could not very well be-

come universally popular. It required considerable technical knowledge and equipment with skill. The kodak was not only a small camera, but it contained a whole roll of sensitized negative paper that eliminated the changing of plates after each exposure. From that time on, photography became as common as walking. And today, when the sight-seer or hiker, the traveler or the stay-at-home, pulls a little flat box out of his pocket and snaps a picture of a waterfall or a church, a sweetheart or friend, he is profiting by the studies and experiments, failures and successes, of hundreds of years.



Here are the things the dictatorships are saying. First, "Down with religion, the opiate of the people!" Then they have a second one. Not only down with religion, but up with the state. "The state, the government—that is the solution of human problems. Down with religion and up with the state!" So we want to fight them.

I ask you to examine those statements a little more carefully because my own impression is that our society fears and hates those two dogmas or war cries or slogans, because they are the strongest elements in our own society, because we, too, are saying in our hearts, "Down with religion," and "Up with the state," and we are afraid of ourselves. At any rate, I ask you to look at ourselves and see.

Who said, "Down with the church"? Who said, "Up with the state"? We did. In the field of education, in our teaching, which is our most characteristic and fundamental activity, we Protestant Americans have dethroned the church, have cut it off from all vital connection with education, and have put in its place the state. The government is carrying on the work of teaching. That is why we are afraid of Germany and Russia. We are afraid of ourselves for what we have done and have never yet had the honesty to face it as they have.

Professor Emeritus Alexander Meiklejohn of the University of Wisconsin in the *North Central Educational Association Journal* (Oct. '41).

Maryhouse, One Flight Up

Condensed from the *Catholic Woman's World**

Jean was 19, out of a job, and separated from her husband. She had come from the South to Chicago looking for work as a "26" girl and night-club entertainer. Three days without meals and a place to sleep sent her to a police station seeking help. Two hours later she was welcomed to Maryhouse, Holy Name cathedral's house of hospitality, the only parochial shelter for women in the U.S.

For many years hundreds of young girls and women, the flotsam of a society with which they were temporarily out of step, had knocked on the door of the cathedral rectory. Their stories were always the same; the counterpart of uncertainty and bewilderment. Most of them were hungry.

Day after day this unhappy parade poured into the cathedral rectory with a pathetic confidence that the mother church of the world's largest diocese would care for them. Thus challenged, the cathedral priests tried to solve the world-old problem of food, clothing and shelter. Msgr. Joseph P. Morrison, rector of Holy Name cathedral, and two young assistant priests, Fathers Edward V. Dailey and Bernard E. Burns, scouted the neighborhood for a house. With their own money they rented a three-story brick building, whose only attribute was its size.

There was no furniture, but a great deal of dirt, calcined ceilings, dust and cobwebs and broken electric fixtures. The priests organized themselves into a bucket-and-broom brigade. In swift, manly fashion, they sloshed soap and great buckets of warm water from one end of the house to the other. They mended doors, washed windows, painted the woodwork.

Finally, one day early in August, their work was completed. Someone had scrawled the word *Maryhouse* on the front door. A long flight of stairs led to the first floor. Here was Maryhouse, one flight up—and there was no furniture.

A plea was made to the parishioners for aid. Rugs, chairs, curtains, tables, statues, and even two stoves were sent to Maryhouse. Someone found an old piano in the attic and promptly shipped it to the guesthouse. Someone else sent bed linens and blankets. A few others brought their contributions in person. They came to Maryhouse to see it, and they stayed to work. Those who had no furniture or clothing to offer sent cash.

Maryhouse was really ready. It was the parishioners' own house of hospitality; and on the feast of the Assumption two years ago, Monsignor Morri-

*Marygrove College, Detroit, Mich. November, 1941.

son, accompanied by his two assistants, blessed the house and declared it formally open to any woman who needed shelter.

On that opening day, as on many days since, the parishioners came to view their handiwork, each bringing a can of food as an admission ticket. It was just one day later that Maryhouse had its first guest, an elderly woman who had appealed for help. Since that day two years ago Maryhouse has sheltered more than 200 women, ranging in age from the imperturbable adolescence of 14 to the stark misery of 70 "with no place to go."

Jean is typical of these guests. No questions were asked when she climbed the long flight of stairs to the reception desk. She said simply, "The police sent me." She was shown to one of the dormitories and introduced to the other women. Her shoes were ugly bits of artificial leather with aerated soles. Her dress was much too thin for Chicago's weather, and a shrieking example of cheap sophistication. When the dinner gong sounded, Jean found a warm dress laid on her bed and a pair of comfortable shoes. They were not the cast-off garments of people who give "anything" to charity. They were parishioners' gifts that had been cleaned and mended.

More than a week passed before Jean supplemented her simple story,

"The police sent me." Then she told of her marriage as a young girl in the South; her subsequent divorce; her jobs in the night clubs; her second marriage; and finally an argument with her husband, which led to her flight to Chicago.

Jean stayed a month at Maryhouse. In that time she found a job doing general office work. She took instructions, sent for her husband, and was married in the Church. Today Jean is back home in the South with her husband and a fine lad of six months.

Not all problems at Maryhouse were settled as easily as Jean's. The most demanding was the need for a manager, until Agnes McMahon came. Miss McMahon, a charming woman in her 30's, now meets each person who comes to Maryhouse; provides clothes for her guests; plans the meals; begs food; and finds jobs for all. Each morning Miss McMahon rises at 5:30 to attend Mass in the neighboring cathedral. Breakfast is at 7:30. After the morning meal she gives out change to her guests who may be looking for jobs. She appoints two of the women to prepare the lunch and two more to cook the evening meal. She checks on the various household tasks, explaining that each woman is to clean her own section of the dormitory. Several are assigned to care for other rooms.

At 8 o'clock the guests scatter to their various tasks, and Miss McMa-

hon, one of Mr. Bell's best customers, goes to the telephone. She has found jobs for all the women in need of them, for she is in touch with all the neighboring factories, offices and private homes.

So efficient is the Maryhouse employment bureau that there are always more jobs to be filled than people to fill them. The older women who take housekeeping jobs are often given a home as well as a salary. Most of the jobs are in offices or factories, with salaries ranging up to \$18 a week.

People who are temporarily out of funds, but who still have a roof over their head, come to Maryhouse for meals. During the past winter Miss McMahon was forced to open a second dining room to care for the men who came to the noonday meal.

Neighbors drop in for a sweater or an overcoat. Mamie, who lives with her parents down the block, stops by after work to see if Miss McMahon can get her a better job. Stella, a relief client somewhere in the neighborhood, comes in with her little girl to ask Miss McMahon's advice about religious instruction.

Late in the afternoon the house director calls the doctor, dentist or priest, to make appointments for her guests. Often she must go to court to sign papers for some hopeless psychopathic who had found her way to Maryhouse. In the evening, after a general checkup among her guests as to jobs

or prospects, she goes to the hospital to visit her sick charges.

No one is ever turned away. If the bell rings at two o'clock in the morning, as it so often does, Miss McMahon greets her guests with as much good will as if it were the middle of the afternoon.

She likes to tell about the two small girls, 14 and 15, from one of the west-side suburbs, who were brought to Maryhouse by a cathedral clerk at 1 o'clock in the morning. The frightened youngsters signed the register and gave their ages as 19 and 20. They were fed and put to bed. In the morning they told their story. They had been reprimanded at school and had run away from home. A call to their frantic parents settled their cases. Both children were sent away for a short vacation and then transferred to another school.

One night two lovely girls in their late teens came to Maryhouse from the police station. They, too, had run away from home in a small Wisconsin town. But Maryhouse authorities didn't know this until Wisconsin police reported them as difficult cases. Jobs were found for both, and after a short period, they returned to their families.

There is no time limit set for guests at Maryhouse. Once she is admitted, a girl is considered a member of the Maryhouse family until she chooses to leave.

As soon as they are earning their own wages and have regained confidence in themselves, they move on, making room for the many others who come. Before leaving the house, each is given a complete outfit of clothes, and sent to a beauty parlor for a new hair style, because Miss McMahon believes pride in appearance bolsters a woman's morale.

Few of the guests, though they recognize in their director a sincere wish to help them, are aware that in order to do so she is living on her own income. In addition to supporting herself, Miss McMahon spends much of her own money on needed supplies. One of the outstanding restaurant men in the city provides meat for the house. A wholesale bakery delivers long loaves of crisp, golden bread. A near-by dairy provides milk, but canned goods and staples must be bought. Money for these and countless other bills comes from cathedral

parishioners. Donations made at the cathedral shrine of the Miraculous Medal are turned over to Maryhouse. Local colleges, also, have donated food and clothing, and from a seminarian came \$10, typical of the interest in Maryhouse.

Policemen from all over the city and priests from the most remote corners of the diocese send women to the house. Relief agencies, travelers' aid societies, and the courts know that their clients will always find a welcome at Maryhouse. Some of the women are white and some colored; some are Catholics, some Jews, many have no religion.

Today the 13-room house is crowded, and parishioners are anxious to extend its facilities. The original scrawled sign on the entrance has been replaced by a new one which hangs proudly out over the sidewalk. It bears with dignity the one word, *Maryhouse*.



American animal lovers are starting a crusade to abolish the use of the horse in warfare. So now all we need is that lovers of men shall start a crusade, too.

The Ave Maria (25 Oct. '41).



The following was under the heading, Air Raid Instruction, in a Berlin newspaper: "When the air-raid alarm sounds go immediately to the shelter. Our Führer sets an example by always being the first to go to the air-raid shelter."

Our Sunday Visitor (5 Oct. '41).

The Magic Tree

By ELISABETH NEILSON

Condensed from a book*

Christmas in old Germany

Christmas was the core of winter. It lay like an island of pine branches perfumed by resin and wax candles in the white, frozen landscape. It began when ice-flowers froze on the windows and the days were short, for its messenger, *der Nicolaus*, that rough saint, might now appear any night. In the evening the corners of the room looked darker, and we gathered closer around our parents, nearer to the circle of light. Again and again we rehearsed our little verses or the song we had learned; and when at last I heard the heavy stamping steps in the hall, my heart began to beat so fast that my breath was short. Then came the expected hard knock at the door. My father and mother would rise deferentially to receive this venerable guest from another world. Nicolaus' fur coat showed that he had tramped a long time through wood and snow. His fur cap came down low over two bushy eyebrows, under which he would look at us seriously, but not unkindly. And then came the dreaded question, "How are you satisfied with the children?" My mother might truthfully answer with some complaint about lack of quick obedience, about bad manners toward the servants. But my father would at

once come to our help, saying, "Yes, but on the whole they have been good." The switch of birch branches which he carried was never used; we were not even threatened with it.

Our fear, though extreme, was really in great part due to the awe in which we held this saint, who, we imagined, lived roughly in the woods, yet was in constant communication with heaven. We looked at him with love, for was he not the kind old man who did all the hard work to save the Christ Child the trouble of carrying parcels, or getting the Christmas trees from the woods? After we had sung our song, or said our poem, he would disappear as suddenly as he had come.

All this was only a preliminary. If it hadn't yet begun to snow, we ardently hoped for it. I remember one time standing at the window of the dining room and looking at the gray sky, watching one white flake and then another one and still another drifting slowly past; and my mother, looking up smilingly, said to me what she always said at the first snow:

It snows, it snows, the flakes fall,
Christ Child is not far away.

Now I knew it really had begun. And very soon my mother asked me to let

*The House I Knew. 1941. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. 338 pp. \$3.

her write to the Christ Child about my Christmas wishes. The letter was put outside the window and in the morning I felt assured that it had been taken, for I found one or two silver threads that had been lost during the heavenly visit. How the suffering Christ, how the Infant of Bethlehem stable, had become changed into this angel, more a girl angel than a man angel, nobody seemed to know; but that it lived for the children there is no doubt, for its form, supernatural and also human, magical and at the same time embodying love and goodness, was near enough to be childishly embraced and distant enough to be longingly adored.

Now the house would take on an atmosphere of its own, in which we lived all together. We liked to feel more shut in, more intensely a part of the family. After supper my mother tied on an apron, while we children and any visitor who might chance to be present began to shred almonds, each with a little board before him. Our fingers soon became sticky with orange and lemon peel, with citron and raisins. The maid put an earthenware bowl, a big wooden baking board, and spoons and knives on the dining room table, and Christmas baking would be started with the making of a special kind of cookie, called *Springerle*, for it needed four weeks to soften them enough to be chewed. All day long the house was filled with

sweet odors; the dining room as well as the kitchen was full of trays holding sugar-frosted cinnamon stars, butter circles, almond pretzels, honey hearts, and a variety of more or less recognizable animals cut out with tin shapes.

Then one day my mother announced that we must not enter the Christmas room, a room set apart for the celebration. This marked a definite step in advance, as from now on the whole household shared more consciously in the different tenor of our life. My mother disappeared for long hours; returning, she would whisk out of sight something rustling with tissue paper.

I stood often at the window watching the snow as it blew delicate swirls in the air, which was full of a white soundless confusion. But it all sank into calm as it fell on the earth, who drew it incessantly to her till it became part of her profound sleep. There were even stiller days when it fell in long lines and much more slowly, more like a dream which has its own muffled reality. For me it belonged to the season when there was no line dividing heaven and earth.

As I pressed my nose against the pane, watching the fall of the big watery flakes, I hoped for a glimpse of the Christ Child, of His white wing behind the feathery snow. In the evenings when the sun had set in a clear cold sky, and when I had looked into

the red glow till I saw black spots, I was sure I had really seen Him.

Two days before the 24th, my aunts and my cousin arrived, for they always spent Christmas with us. And every year I went through the same disappointment. I had looked forward with such intensity to their coming that when they really arrived I could feel nothing, for I had exhausted myself in anticipation. One of my aunts soon took me into a corner to look into the state of my needlework, which was planned as a surprise for my mother; and there, screened from sight by chairs and cushions, she would help me to finish it.

On the morning of the 24th, we would beg a pine branch to trim a Christmas tree for our dolls, who had disappeared, only to reappear in carefully washed and ironed clothes or even fitted with new garments. All morning long my mother would be busy making packages and sending them, trimmed with little pine branches, to the needy families of the town. Otherwise we did not give nor did we receive presents outside the family.

I shall never forget how slowly dusk came on that day. At teatime mother joined us for a moment, looking tired and preoccupied, and father would pretend to shock Aunt Franziska with the old jokes, to raise the atmosphere to a gayer, more festive pitch.

By and by, we were asked to go upstairs to the living room. At the

last moment my mother, with the signs of hurry still evident, entered, bringing in her smile, more distant than usual, all her love for us, but also an awareness of that other love which at this hour we felt around us.

"You might begin with the singing," she said. We all stood at the piano and began with *Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht*. My father and one aunt often sang the second voice, but even this solemn occasion did not hinder my mother from looking reproachfully at him if he allowed himself any musical extravagances.

We kept on singing slowly and as well as we knew how till we heard a little bell, never heard at any other time. It was the Christ Child's bell, and its thin glassy tone struck the innermost spot of my heart and set it trembling; for now the big double doors opened as if by themselves, and we at last entered into the very center of wonder as we approached the tree, which stood glowing softly in the light of many candles. Its branches stretched wide and shimmering with magic silver, but here, as in everything which touched Christmas, the familiar, the homely were inextricably mixed with the distant and the awe-inspiring; and the tree, felt as a definite symbol of the marvelous and mysterious, yet belonged to us also in another sense, as we recognized year after year the little baskets delicately fashioned of white and blue beads,

the tiny trumpets which you could blow, the quince sausages hanging in pairs from the ends of little branches, the birds, and above all the star which always glittered from the top.

But it was not long that the tree held us. We knew that it would be there to play with a long time. It was the *Bescheerung* we wanted, our presents, beautifully arranged on white cloths which covered couches and tables.

During the Christmas vacation my father looked in more often, hurriedly always, yet not too hurriedly to joke with us; to repeat his standing phrase, "One eats decidedly too much"; to open the windows—for he was always wanting fresh air. Aunt Franziska was continually putting on her big red shawl, because she suffered from so much cold. Every noon meal her present, the goose-liver pie, was fetched from its place between the window and the storm window of the dining room. We all got a tiny slice which we ate in silence so as to lose nothing of the flavor. At the end of every meal, the big cardboard boxes with the cookies baked by the aunts were put on the table.

It was our custom to go to see the tree of the family of my mother's most intimate friend. I always knew beforehand how it would be, and tried to shelter myself from disappointment by admitting that it was going to be a failure, but I never succeeded. As

soon as we entered the salon, where a meager tree in a corner could not dominate the heavy, dark-red plush furniture on which a few presents lay around as if by accident, I felt a general grayness over everything. Much smaller than ours, thinly branched and ragged, and trimmed with many red and green balls, the tree stood in a corner as if ashamed. But what concentrated my discomfort till it became real unhappiness was that it possessed only a front, that the part toward the wall remained unadorned. Our tree was carefully trimmed all round. It was tall and proud in the center of the room, and I was little enough to creep under it and look up through that green world and hear its silver stir at the slightest current of air.

The Christmas vacation stopped only at New Year's day, when the big pretzel stood on the table, and when right after breakfast we ran away to be the first to shout, "*Prost Neu Jahr!*" to our friends, an important performance which meant sly, roundabout approaches to their dwellings so as to take them by surprise. After we were a little older, New Year's eve took on its own special color. The first hours after supper, the grownups played cards or dice games with us, all sitting round the dining-room table.

When it came close to midnight, my father held his watch in his hand, and we all gathered in the adjoining

room, which was dark. Father flung the window open and the clanging of all the church bells came streaming into the room with the cold air, enveloping us as we stood silent in its tremendous swinging rhythm. Somebody broke it with, "*Prost Neu Jahr!*" Our parents would kiss us, and I remember my father's voice as slightly hoarse, while my mother's was guarded with a peculiar dry friendliness. Aunt Franziska always stood alone, for once not shivering, near the window, and I saw to my discomfort that she wiped her eyes.

Then we were safely tucked away in bed. Father pulled up my little feather tick and felt to see whether I was warm enough.

"Ah!" he would say, "outside there

is a cold man, but you are warm and cozy in here. It is a fine night for sleep."

Mother would bend over my bed to hear my prayers.

I am yet little.

My heart is pure.

No one shall dwell in it

But Jesus alone.

I lay in bed listening and thinking of the dripping garden, which to me was the world outside. I lay there on my horsehair pillow in my feather bed, warm and incredibly sheltered, with the house around me and my parents close by, watching over every hour of my life. And God was in heaven, always ready to settle any difficulty carefully and justly.



Not So Wealthy

Many Protestants suffer from a delusion regarding the wealth of Roman Catholicism. They see the great churches and read and hear of bingo parties, lotteries, and other fund-raising devices. The result is that they think of this Church as receiving enormous amounts in gifts and contributions. In fact, the giving of Roman Catholics, per capita, is less than that of most Protestant churches.

The 1938 federal census of religious bodies gives the Roman Catholic Church a total of 19,914,937 members. Of this number 12,316,771 are over 12 years of age. The total annual receipts reported from the 18,409 churches is \$139,073,358. Eliminating the members under 13 years of age, the per capita giving of the members 13 years or older is but \$11.21 per member.

When this is compared with the per capita giving of the Presbyterians of the U.S., which is \$21.66 per member, or the Nazarene's of \$30.89, it does not look as if the Roman Catholic Church has a monopoly on money-raising plans. It is just about equal with the giving of the Methodists, which is \$11.38 per member.

Church Management (non-Catholic magazine) Nov. '41.

On Yells

By SENEX

Condensed from the *Weekly Review**

Some years ago as I was wandering through Scandinavia, I came, with a companion of mine, to a town called Yelling.

The name pleased me, but when I learned that it meant nothing in its own tongue I was disappointed. I should like to have chosen the name of that place for a title to several phrases, such as "Yelling and Religion," or again, "Yelling and the Smart," with directions to these last for the moderating of their voices.

I remember a boat race at Henley years and years ago during which a number of Anglo-Saxons ran at high speed along the towpath shouting, "I yell! Cornell! Oh! Hell," and dignified words of similar import; but I have never come across the full glory of yelling elsewhere.

Among the refined, yelling was declined;

Among the cultivated, it is deprecated;

so, between the two, yelling would seem to be in a bad way; and yet there must be something natural about it for young children, unrestrained by the false social conventions of their elders, yell continually and so do the mass of the populace

who are also fresh and innocent. As for animals, although they never yell (for yells are the peculiar glory of mankind) at any rate they make all the noise they can. Donkeys and politicians bray; horses whinny; cats miaow; dogs bark, and the whole race of animated beings produces vocals of their own, such as the hissing of serpents, or the snarling of pet dogs.

Sergeant instructors yell full-throatedly, and mobs yell. Politicians, as a rule, do not yell unless they are hunting in a pack. When they are hunting in a pack they yell with utter abandon.

There is a special condition for yelling which is the general condition of polite conversation. When a lot of rich men and women get together to discuss their intolerably boring affairs, they always yell, and it is impossible to stop them. What is amusing is that they complain about each other for yelling, and yet they all fall into a necessity for it lest what they want to say should not be heard.

Some try to moderate the yelling of the rich by playing music to them. But these do not succeed.

A sudden explosion will stop yelling and impose in its place a frightened silence for a few moments. But

*9 Essex St., Strand, London, W.C.2, England. Oct. 16, 1941.

after that shock the yelling begins again, louder than ever.

Yelling has this peculiar character about it, that it is competitive. A loud yeller, whether a he or a she, conquers and overrides all rivals. Yet the yeller does not know that he or she is yelling. Each yeller always thinks that his or her musical voice has charmed the assembly.

I have sometimes wondered whether yelling would go out of fashion. It did not begin until I myself was over 30. It was then nourished by immigrants from beyond the wide ocean, and was also sustained by men and women who had grown suddenly rich (these, I have noticed, invariably yell). For the rest, railway porters, costermongers (when they are wheeling barrows), and frightened people pursued by mobs, yell heartily. But such yelling does not take root and sometimes I am afraid it will die out. It has to be recruited by a perpetual succession of new loud speakers.

It is sometimes said that the deaf yell more than other people. They certainly yell more than the blind, but

in my experience the deaf are, in this matter, more sinned against than sinning. They do not yell nearly as much as they are yelled at; and this is greatly to their credit.

There is one form of yell which seems to be less and less common. I sometimes think that it is doomed to disappear. This is the Piercing Yell of the old-fashioned sensational novelist.

The Piercing Yell was reserved for special occasions, notably for the appearance of the ghost, or for a stabbing with a dagger, or something really notable of that kind. I have not read of such a yell for years. Then, if you are acquainted with the poet Southeby you will remember the dying yell of the faithful hound. But the more I think of it the more I become convinced that the yell as an instrument of human expression cannot survive. It is not a refinement that has killed it; it is rather the increasing weakness of our nerves and the dread of exotic voices, of the invasion thereof, and our instinctive recoil from that invasion.



thumbnails... St. Nicholas

St. Nicholas day, Dec. 6, is continental Children's day, which English-speaking people have telescoped with Christmas. Bishop Nicholas was terribly fond of children. He used to slip girls' dowries through their windows, unseen, as he did not like to see girls growing into spinsters, or something else.

Holy Roodlets (Dec. '39).

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Doherty, Edward. *Gall and Honey*. New York: Sheed. 300 pp. \$2.50.
A journalist's autobiography, alive with interest.

Harney, Martin P., S.J. *The Jesuits in History*. New York: America Press. 513 pp. \$4.

Footnoted history of the Order done with scholarly apparatus but in a popular style.

Houselander, Caryll. *This War Is the Passion*. New York: Sheed. 185 pp. \$2.

Articles reprinted from the *Grail* magazine; concern the preservation of spiritual life during wartime.

Huxley, Aldous. *Grey Eminence*. New York: Harper. 342 pp. \$3.50.

Beautifully lucid explanation of mysticism and its action on the world. Father Joseph sees God and turns to power politics. Huxley throws a light into the depths behind the veneer of our times.

Kuhl, Art. *Royal Road*. New York: Sheed. 189 pp. \$1.75.

Fast-moving story of the life and death of a Christian Negro.

Lynch, John W. *A Woman Wrapped in Silence*. New York: Macmillan. 277 pp. \$2.

A narrative poem of the life and character of our Lady, steeped with dignity, reverence and admiration.

Maritain, Jacques. *The Living Thoughts of St. Paul*. New York: Longmans. 160 pp. \$1.25.

Extracts from the writings of the apostle, with commentaries on his teachings.

Poppy, Maximus, O.F.M. *The Fruitful Ideal*. 111 pp. \$1 paper, \$1.50 cloth. *The Franciscan Message in Authentic Texts*. 67 pp. 40c. St. Louis: Herder.

First book is a directory of the three Orders of St. Francis in the U.S.; the second, the Rule of St. Francis, and papal encyclicals interpreting the Franciscan message to the modern world.

Sargent, Daniel. *All the Day Long*. New York: Longmans. 288 pp. \$2.50.

Life of Bishop James Anthony Walsh, co-founder of Maryknoll.